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THE
REPUBLICAN'S MISTRESS.

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THE
REPUBLICAN'S MISTRESS;

A Novel

FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

“ Bonum est fugienda aspicere in alieno malo.” — SYRUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1821.

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THE

REPUBLICAN'S MISTRESS,

&c.

CHAP. I.

" Her eye's black charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on those of the gazelle ;
It will assist thy fancy well."

LORD BYRON.

IN one of those beautiful valleys which lay at the feet of the Pyrenees, in the province of Gascony, stood the vine-covered cottage of Justin D'Au-bois, an aged peasant ; a small vine-yard lay contiguous to the dwelling, and formed the principal occupation of its inmates ; in front was a garden, properly stocked with every flower that flourishes in that delightful climate, bounded with a lovely and

2 THE REPUBLICAN'S MISTRESS.

luxuriant prospect, and at the back the wood crowned heights of the Pyrenees reared their rugged, and in many places, impassable precipices. The family of Justin consisted of himself, his wife Suzette, and a son and daughter, named Jaques and Janetta.

Justin had been a faithful and attached servant in the family of the Count D'Humeires, whose chateau was situated at some distance from the cottage, amidst the gloomy forests of the Pyrenees. Justin was rather advanced in life when he married Suzette, (a favourite attendant of the Countess Philippa D'Humeires) but considerably younger than himself: by the bounty of the Count and Countess they were, upon their marriage, settled at the cottage in the valley; and industry, aided by the produce of the vineyard, supported them with a degree of comfort French

peasants at that period seldom enjoyed.

Suzette was the mother of two children only, and from the day of their marriage, they had never known a sorrow till the time arrived that Jaques, their eldest child, had completed his twentieth year; both their children had from their infancy manifested a haughtiness of disposition seldom observed in humble life; their persons were both eminently beautiful, and the fond parents, as they often gazed upon them, had whispered to each other, "how noble! Sure they were born to grace a chateau, not inhabit this humble cottage." Alas! they little thought that those rare endowments which were then their pride, would one day be the cause of anguish and unavailing regret, "and bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

When Jaques had attained the age of twenty, his conduct began to wear a mysterious aspect ; he oftentimes absented himself for weeks from the cottage, and when questioned as to the cause refused an answer ; his manners, naturally grave and haughty, became severe and imperious ; and he addressed his parents with the air of a master commanding his slaves, rather than that of an affectionate son.

The society of Janetta alone appeared to please him, as she, like himself, disdained the drudgery of a cottage life, and would talk of brighter scenes and higher ranks in society, with which they longed to mingle in that world to which they were at present almost equal strangers ; but even to her his reserve was continued as to the cause of his absence from home, for having once asked the question, she received so severe an answer, as to render her

silent upon the subject in future. He had been absent longer than usual, and the vineyard requiring more attention than Justin was able to bestow upon it, the vines had suffered greatly by the neglect, and the irritated old man, upon his son's return, sharply reprimanded him for his absence; but Jaques, impatient of controul, haughtily bade his father "consider him no longer in the light of a vine-dresser, but prepare himself to hear that he had adopted a line of life more suitable to his talents and inclinations." He then, without even a sigh, or a farewell, quitted the cottage which had sheltered him from infancy, and bent his steps towards the neighbouring mountains; nor did he ever return, and his parents soon received the heart-rending information, that Jaques was the captain of a desperate horde of

banditti which infested the passes of the Pyrenean mountains.

No sooner were they acquainted with the truth, than Justin resolved to make one effort to reclaim his fugitive son ; and quitting his cottage, he ascended the mountains ; he had not wandered far before he encountered some of the band, to whom he told his errand, and besought them to conduct him to their chief. They obeyed, and Jaques started with surprise when he beheld his father ; but in vain did the old man kneel at the feet of his son : Jaques avowed his determination not to toil when the necessities of life might be so much easier procured, by forcing from the rich some of their abundance ; and when Justin urged the too probable consequences of such a way of life, Jaques sternly commanded his absence, threatening, “that

should he ever dare return upon the same mission, he should be treated as a stranger."

The almost heart-broken old man returned to his cottage, and the name of Jaques was never afterwards uttered beneath its roof, though his remembrance lived in the hearts of all, particularly of Janetta, who enthusiastically loved her brother; who indeed possessed many virtues though sullied and destroyed by pride; but their dispositions were as similar as their persons, between which there was a most striking and even extraordinary resemblance.

Janetta was just turned of eighteen, (and though as yet no one had ever told her so) the finest woman Gascony could boast: more than commonly tall, her form was moulded both with dignity and grace, her countenance was noble and expressive; and glow-

ing with the richest vermilion of health, her sparkling full dark eyes alternately appeared to search the secret soul of the beholder, or glisten with the most enchanting vivacity ; a profusion of soft glossy hair hung in natural ringlets around a neck and forehead whose snowy whiteness formed a striking contrast to its jetty black ; to these rare personal endowments were added a mind of unusual strength, and a great portion of sensibility ; all her feelings bordered on extremes, and she loved or hated with ardour ; hitherto her love had been confined to her own family, and all her hatred had devolved upon a female who was totally ignorant of ever having given cause for it.

Suzette twice since her marriage had been to the Chateau d'Humeires, to pay her respects to the Countess (now a widow.) Upon the last of these visits she took Janetta, then about

twelve years of age, with her. The only daughter of the Countess had married a Spanish Nobleman of the name of De Castro, and went with him to reside in Spain. De Castro was unfortunately killed at a bull fight, leaving his lady pregnant; her terror and grief brought on a premature labour, and she lived only long enough to give birth to a daughter, who, as the only representative of two noble houses, was confided to the care of her maternal grandmother, the Countess D'Humeires. This little orphan, the Lady Genevieve De Castro, was at the chateau at the time of Suzette's visit, and three years younger than Janetta, whom she immediately elected as her playfellow; but Genevieve, an idolized child, and a flattered heiress, was unused to controul, and requesting some trivial service of her companion, which was rather haughtily

refused, in the consciousness of power, she threw one of her toys at her head, which Janetta revenged by trampling the instrument of her disgrace to atoms beneath her feet. As it was a present which she had been strictly charged to preserve, Genevieve, when she beheld its destruction, flew, bathed in tears, to her grandmother, who after hearing her complaint (perhaps not candidly related,) sent for Janetta to her dressing-room, and reprimanding her in very strong terms, insisted upon her begging Lady Genevieve's pardon; this Janetta firmly refused, and the Countess banished her from her's and her grandchild's presence during the remainder of her stay.

This unpleasant occurrence made Suzette resolve upon returning home, which she did the following day, and Janetta was not even permitted to pay her parting duty to her mother's bene-

factress, or the youthful heiress, except upon the terms of submission, which all the persuasions of her mother could not prevail upon her to accede to; from that moment the most rooted hatred existed in the breast of Janetta against the imperious Genevieve, and far from diminishing, it seemed to increase, though from circumstances it lay some years dormant; but she never heard her name casually mentioned without the blood rushing to her cheeks, and her eye sparkling with indignation, at the remembrance of the disgrace which she had caused her.

A twelvemonth had nearly past away since the flight of Jaques, and the family were retired to rest, when they were disturbed by a knocking at the door of the cottage. Justin instantly arose, and opening the lattice, demanded the cause of the interruption. He was answered by a feeble

voice, imploring his aid "for a person robbed and ill-treated by banditti."

As hastily as his trembling limbs would permit, Justin aroused his family, and descended to the relief of the stranger. Upon opening the door he beheld a young man, whose dress denoted him of superior rank, and of great personal beauty, though his garments were much stained with blood and dirt, and his face disfigured by a cut from a sabre on the forehead; the little skill Justin possessed was employed in dressing the wound of the stranger, which was neither very deep or dangerous, but he had been stunned with a blow from the butt-end of a musket almost at the same time he received it, and the contusion was more painful than the wound. He related that he was crossing the Pyrenees, from a visit at the chateau of a friend, when himself and only one

servant were attacked by a party of banditti, his servant killed as a punishment for resistance, and himself left for dead upon the spot; that when he recovered his senses he had with much pain descended to the valley, and fortunately obtained their assistance.

The agitation of the poor old couple and Janetta, whilst he told his story, was too evident to escape the notice of the stranger, for they beheld in this occurrence another cause for regretting the turpitude of Jaques, by whose hand, or that of his band, the wounds of the stranger had doubtless been inflicted. A silence of some minutes followed, and the stranger, when Suzette enquired his name, hesitated as he answered, "Ferdinand Stainville, an officer in the French service." Every attention that the sympathising inhabitants of the cottage could exert towards the wounded Ferdinand,

was cheerfully displayed, and in a few days he began to recover his health and spirits. Janetta was excused from her portion of household duty to attend upon him, and he seemed never weary of expressing his gratitude to his charming nurse, and of gazing upon her dignified figure, which, contrasted with her simple habit, possessed an indescribable charm. Ferdinand had seen the most celebrated beauties of France and Spain, but he never beheld but one that could for an instant stand in competition with Janetta; he told her so, and the blush which dyed her cheek, spoke her not displeased with the compliment, though who that excepted one was she would almost given her beauty to know.

The season of the vintage now approached, yet Ferdinand, upon the pretext of health not restored, still

lingered at the cottage ; but the services of Janetta could no longer be dispensed with, yet Ferdinand was still her shadow, he assisted her to gather her grapes, and bore her fruit for her, to its destined station. In vain did Justin and Suzette exclaim, "they were ashamed to see him so employed, they hoped he would not trouble himself again." Morning regularly beheld him her assistant in her task, and evening, her partner in the dance ; the ardent inexperienced heart of Janetta was lost before she suspected it was in danger, and she loved the interesting Ferdinand with a violence that coloured both their future days with misery. Ferdinand, lost in a delirium of passion and admiration, gave Janetta every reason to suppose her love was more than equally returned, and the season of the vintage was the happiest of her life. They

were sitting one evening in a little arbour that terminated the garden, the day had been unusually warm, the glow of health and exercise mantled on the cheek of Janetta; her hair, which was generally confined by a silk net, now flowed unrestrained upon her shoulders, and her eyes were brilliant with the emanations of love and hope. Ferdinand gazed upon her with rapture, "how beautiful! (he exclaimed.) I have before told you, dear Janetta, I never saw but one female, who could dispute the palm of loveliness with you; I will shew you her portrait, and you will be convinced, that you need not be ashamed of your rival, and indeed you are so dissimilar, that it is almost impossible to know which to prefer; dignity is your characteristic, softness hers." Opening a small case, he put the portrait into her hand, saying, "Is it not beautiful!" Janetta

cast her eyes upon the resemblance, and a crimson glow mounted to her cheek as she gazed upon it in silence. "What a contrast, (continued Ferdinand) your hair is black as the raven's wing, her's as fair as Cupid's bow-strings; your eyes are sparkling brilliants of jet."—"Her's blue, soft, and detestable!" interrupted Janetta, dashing the portrait violently on the ground. "I never but once saw such eyes, and the difference between the child and woman is not so great but I well remember them,—it is the portrait of the hated Genevieve De Castro."

Ferdinand gazed upon her with astonishment as she stood before him, her eyes sparkling with rage, and her features agitated with passion. Hastily snatching up the portrait, he consigned it to his pocket, as he said, "you amaze me, Janetta!—what cause of dislike can you possibly have

to the lovely Genevieve de Castro?" "What cause"! she repeated, "ask me not;—she was always my hatred, my aversion; and you have deceived me." Ferdinand endeavoured to explain, but she indignantly burst from him, and flew to her own apartment; nor would she see Ferdinand the whole of the following day, but kept her room upon the pretence of illness.

Her former hatred of Genevieve now received the augmentation of jealousy, which Ferdinand endeavoured to remove, by asserting that Genevieve was a relation of his mother's, for whom he had been intrusted with the portrait; but in revenge of the disturbance it had given his beloved Janetta, he solemnly declared he had thrown it into the fire. Janetta wished that what he asserted might be true, and suffered herself to be persuaded

that it was so, and Genevieve and the demolished portrait were both consigned to oblivion.

But the time was now arrived that Ferdinand could no longer feign indisposition, and he accordingly announced his departure as fixed for the following week, which Justin and Suzette heard with pleasure, as they saw the influence he had obtained over their child; and augured no good from his lengthened stay, though their hospitality forbade their even hinting a wish for his departure. The last day of his abode at the cottage was passed by Janetta in her own chamber; her feelings of anguish at the approaching separation were too keen for concealment, and her pride bade her veil her sorrow from the view of that man who was now about to quit her, perhaps for ever.

Ferdinand was to take leave of the

family at the supper hour, and depart early the following morning, with a young man, a native of the valley, that Justin had hired for him to supply the place of his murdered servant. When supper was ready, Janetta heard the voice of her father calling her to partake of it. Composing her feelings as much as possible, she descended; her step was firm, but her face was pale, and she scarcely dared to trust herself to articulate a word. During the meal, Ferdinand contrived to whisper to her his wish that she would meet him in the garden after her father and mother were retired to rest; she gave him no answer, and when the supper was concluded, hastily left the apartment, unable to say, "farewell!"

When she was retired to her room, she gave free vent to her tears, but resolved against the imprudence of

the solicited private meeting. “Nô, Ferdinand,” she exclaimed: “go to the happy Genevieve,—we part for ever!” The thought was agony, and she sunk upon a seat almost insensible: in a few minutes she heard her father and mother retire to their apartments, and for near an hour the silence of the cottage was unbroken. Janetta remained in a state of stupefaction on her seat. “All then is over,” she murmured, “Ferdinand has retired to rest, and we meet no more.” At that moment a blow of a pebble on her window made her start,—the warm blood rushed to her heart. “It is him!” she repeated: the signal was again heard, and she flew to the window. Ferdinand was below it—he dared not to speak, lest Justin or Suzette should overhear him; but his actions were those of entreaty, and Janetta instantly disappeared from

the window. What an hour before she had resolved against as imprudent, she now hailed with transport—Ferdinand wished again to behold her—he was not indifferent, and every misfortune (that excepted) Janetta felt she could endure for his love. Opening her chamber door, she stole with noiseless step down the stairs, and was met in the garden by her lover; he led her to the arbour where he had shewn her the portrait of Genevieve; but that was now forgotten, and every feeling absorbed in love and regret at parting; and she wept in silence, whilst Ferdinand, clasping her in his arms, uttered the most fervent vows of affection and eternal fidelity; the heart of Janetta dilated with transport, and she listened with pleasure to a proposal he made her, of flying from the cottage, and becoming “his wife.” At first she faintly refused,

but when prest falteringly gave her consent. Ferdinand clasp- ing her in his arms, called her "his wife, his destined bride," and determined upon not allowing her time to recall her consent, was leading her from the arbour, when their progress was intercepted by the figure of a man which appeared at the entrance. Janetta gazed at him for a moment with horror, then exclaiming, "My brother! Oh, my brother!" rushed forward, and fell senseless at his feet.

When she recovered she was alone; the cool air of the morning blew upon her fevered forehead, and her clothes felt damp with the dew of the night; rising, she looked around—no one was to be seen; yet that she had beheld Jaques she was convinced, and she shook with horror at the idea of what the event of his meeting with Ferdinand might be. She approached

the house, all was still, Justin and Suzette slumbered unconscious of the events of the night,—happily for their peace not even dreaming how near they were of being rendered childless. Janetta retired unheard to her chamber, but no sleep closed her eyelids, and she arose in the morning restless and unhappy. Justin and Suzette were more cheerful than usual, the guest they had begun to dread was gone, and they fondly hoped Janetta would soon recover her health and spirits, which (as they expected) appeared now greatly depressed. The events of the preceding night dwelt upon her mind, but as she dared not mention them, the pain was all her own.

In the course of the day, her mother sent her to arrange the bed-room that had been occupied by Ferdinand ; in removing the pillow, something

fell upon the ground, and stooping to pick it up, she beheld the very portrait he had so solemnly assured her he had destroyed—not in a case, but attached to a blue ribbon, and appeared as if it had been worn round the neck. In a transport of rage she threw it on the ground, and trampled on it till the likeness was reduced to powder, then picking up the gold which encased the enamel, she flung it from the window. Her emotions at finding this hated portrait so cherished, caused her an illness of several days; but love, ingenious at inventing excuses for the object beloved, reminded her, that Ferdinand had asserted Genevieve was a relation, and she outwardly recovered her tranquillity; but she could not so easily persuade herself that he would resign her without a struggle, and nightly,

instead of retiring to her couch, she would pace the room in expectation of a signal for his appearance ; then, opening the casement, fancy the figure of Ferdinand in the distant shadows, and when convinced of her mistake, weep at the disappointment : several times she silently descended the stairs, and stole to the arbour, hoping at least to see her brother ; but she waited till the morning dawned, and neither Jaques or Ferdinand appeared, and she returned to her chamber a prey to wretchedness.

The winter wasted away in these alternate hopes and disappointments, and the spring was advancing in bloom, when Suzetta and Justin received an invitation for themselves and family to repair to the Chateau D'Humeires, to attend the celebration

of the marriage of the Lady Genevieve de Castro, (who had just attained her sixteenth year) with the Marquis D'Uxelles. The letter was from the Countess herself, and the old people prepared to obey what they esteemed a command. Janetta would have excused her attendance—but her father and mother (who had no suspicion that her dislike for Genevieve still existed,) were so seriously angry at her refusal, that she was obliged to drop all opposition and prepare for her departure likewise.

A few days before the one appointed for the nuptials, Justin, in his best apparel, drove his wife and daughter in a little cabriolet to the Chateau D'Humeires;—they were welcomed by the Countess, with the kindness of an old friend—not the slightest remembrance of Janetta's juvenile fault

appeared to live in her memory ; on the contrary, she was particularly lavish of her praise and amazement at the beauty and native grace of the fair cottager. The cheeks of Janetta glowed with pleasure at a reception so different from the one she had expected ; but the youthful heiress entering the apartment, every faculty of her soul was absorbed in involuntary admiration—the radiant beauty of Genevieve, aided by every adventitious ornament wealth could procure, was so brilliant as to astonish one who knew of splendor but by name ;—the fascination of her manners completed the enchantment, and as she smilingly offered her hand, Janetta dropped upon her knee and prest it to her lips : but when retired to her apartment, and her enthusiasm abated, she felt a pang at her heart as she

reflected that Ferdinand Stainville had seen this dazzling beauty, and possessed her portrait. True, he said she was a relation, but love Janetta knew to be omnipotent, and reluctantly she owned to herself that the charms of Genevieve were too potent to be seen with indifference.

Upon the third day the Marquis D'Uxelles was expected to arrive with a splendid retinue, the maidens, attendants of the Ladies Genevieve and Philippa, were dressed in virgin white, and crowned with garlands to attend the bride to the altar; and by the desire of the Countess, Janetta was one of the number distinguished by being the immediate attendant of the bride. It was almost noon when the gay procession was observed approaching the chateau. The Lady Genevieve, surrounded by

her maidens, awaited the entrance of her lover in the grand hall; the varying colour of her cheek spoke the emotions of her heart, but the most superficial observer might perceive, that neither fear or hatred was the cause of her agitation. Janetta cast her eyes toward her, and the contrast between herself and the high-born heiress caused her a sickening sensation of envy. Genevieve, in the pride of youth and beauty, bedecked with costly gems, surrounded by the banners and trophies of her ancestors, and a numerous band of menials obedient to her nod — would in a few minutes be clasped to the heart of the man she loved, and by whom she was adored; whilst herself, possessing every grace and beauty that could ornament her sex, was left to pine in comparative poverty, deserted

by the man she loved, and who had sworn to her eternal fidelity.

In the midst of her regrets she raised her eyes, and beheld the object of her thought enter the room, but attired with a splendor that made her almost doubt his identity. He approached, and Janetta was springing forward when he threw himself at the feet of Genevieve, who instantly fainted on his shoulder. The truth rushed like lightning through the brain of Janetta — Ferdinand Stainville and the Marquis D'Uxelles were the same. The incident of Genevieve's fainting caused a bustle which attracted the attention of all, and gave Janetta time to recover herself. Ferdinand had not observed her, and as she now reclined upon the base of a statue for support, she watched his attentions towards her rival; his looks spoke the

most agonized apprehensions, and as Genevieve recovered, his sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks were daggers to the heart of Janetta, and involuntarily she uttered "an oath of revenge;" but though she stifled her feelings, she could not so far conquer them but she felt the effect in every fibre of her frame.

As soon as Genevieve was perfectly recovered, the Countess directed refreshments to be presented, and it fell to the lot of Janetta to present the Marquis with a basket of fruit—an occupation so like the one he had frequently beheld her employed in, she thought could not fail to attract his regard, and with a desperate resolution she approached; her hands did not tremble, but her cheeks wore the pallid hue of death as she placed herself before him;—he was talking

with animation to his intended bride when the fruit was presented to him, but with his usual courtesy to the sex, he raised his eyes to thank the fair presenter—when they encountered the stedfast gaze of Janetta. Had he beheld the celebrated gorgon's head, instead of the lovely countenance that then met his view, he could not have changed more instantaneously—he trembled, and the fruit dropped from his hand. Janetta cast upon him a look of the most superlative contempt, and throwing the basket and its contents with scorn from her, instantly quitted the apartment. All present gazed with wonder and astonishment, though no one made any comment. The emotion of the Marquis struck the Countess as something wrong, and she sat expecting an explanation, which, however, he seemed incapable of making. A

presentiment of evil struck like a chill upon the heart of Genevieve, and after vainly striving to check the tears which rushed unbidden to her eyes, she complained of illness, and solicited permission to withdraw.

The ceremony of the marriage was not to be performed till the evening, yet Ferdinand would with reluctance have parted from her, had not this sudden vision of Janetta fallen like a bolt of ice upon his heart and benumbed all his faculties ; without speaking, therefore, he instantly rose from his seat, and offered her his hand to lead her from the hall. In passing through the adjoining apartment, Justin and Suzetta (who had recognized him as their former visitor and learnt his rank) approached to pay their respects ; he dared not feign forgetfulness, but his heart throbbed with agony as the expressive countenance of

Genevieve betrayed the extreme surprise she felt, when the mystery of his long abode at the cottage, and his change of name were developed by the rustic congratulations and excuses of his late hosts, a surprise in which the Countess likewise fully shared, as he had often related his encounter with the banditti, and lamented the fate of his old and faithful attendant ; but the cottage, or its inhabitants, had never made any part of the recital. Suspicion instantly darted across her mind, and with all the characteristic pride and dignity of her family, she drew the arm of her trembling grandchild within her own, and coolly wishing the Marquis good morning, retired with her to her apartment.

But what in the estimation of the Countess was his greatest fault, (his change of name) was the point in

which he was least culpable. He was returning from the Chateau D'Humeires, and on his way to Paris, when the accident which he truly represented befel him, and he became an inmate of Justin's cottage ;—the agitation these worthy people evinced, as his tale brought their deluded son to their remembrance, was by him (ignorant of its cause) naturally enough ascribed to a wrong one, namely, a league with the banditti, and an interest in their proceedings ;—self preservation, therefore, and caution, bade him conceal his rank and fortune, beneath the name of Stainville, which having belonged to his murdered servant, was instantly remembered and substituted for his own. The impression Janetta soon made upon his fancy (although he was even then engaged to Genevieve) induced him to conti-

nue the deception ; no excuse can be found for such conduct, but the prevailing levity of French manners, which induced a young and volatile man to conclude there could be no crime in admiring two beautiful young women at the same time, and farther than admiration he had no intention of proceeding, although passion afterwards induced him to press the daughter of his preserver to elope with him, but without the most distant intention of fulfilling his repeated promises of making her his wife, which he repeated as words of course, concluding she would suppose them the same, and only use them as an excuse for yielding to her own inclinations : and thus do men in general judge of those imprudent young females who listen to concealed addresses. The plans of Ferdinand succeeded, and Janetta

would have been irretrievably ruined, had not her brother providentially stepped in and saved her.

Though Jaques had abandoned his family, (impelled by pride to quit a life of labour and independence for the precarious yet independent life of a bandit) it was his custom frequently during the solitude and darkness of the night, to descend from his haunts in the mountains, and wander around the lonely, yet peaceful abode of his parents. His feelings during these nocturnal rambles, were not unlike those of the fallen angel, whilst perambulating the forbidden bowers of Eden : but chance or rather Providence sent him to save an Eve, not to corrupt one. Upon the night of Ferdinand and Janetta's meeting, their voices drew him to the arbour, where he overheard their discourse ; the offered marriage he supposed sincere, but the

proposed elopement raised his suspicions, and he intercepted their progress, when Janetta fainted. Ferdinand haughtily demanded the cause of the interruption; Jaques avowed himself her brother, and in return enquired why his love for Janetta was concealed from her parents? Ferdinand hesitated to reply, and at this moment the servant, engaged by Justin to accompany him, entered the garden, and approached the house to give him notice that it was time to depart.

Jaques started when he beheld the man, and hastily said, "I nightly guard this dwelling: dare not again to approach it, or to offer violence to the innocent being I perceive you have unworthily endeavoured to obtain—remember my prohibition. I have the means of punishing your presumption, should you dare to disobey me." Then darting from the arbour,

he was out of sight before Ferdinand (whose blood boiled with rage at what he considered a menace from a peasant) could offer to detain him. Perceiving his attendant approach the harbour, he hastily quitted it, lest the lad (whose name was Henri) should perceive Janetta, and make conjectures injurious to her character; but the trepidation he found him in attracted his attention, occupied as his thoughts then were; "What has alarmed you, Henri?"

"The Captain of the Banditti, my Lord."

"The Captain of the Banditti; when did you see him?"

"He passed by me when he left the harbour, my Lord. I was coming towards you, fearful some misfortune had happened."

During Ferdinand's residence in the cottage, the most distant hint of

Jaques had never met his ear, but he now drew from his communicative attendant a concise history of the whole affair, and not wishing to cope with the leader of the Pyrenean banditti, he (though reluctantly) resigned all thoughts of Janetta, and pursued his journey.

Removed from the influence of her fascinating beauty, the mild loveliness of Genevieve resumed its empire over his heart, nor did the remembrance of Janetta cost him a sigh, till their *mal à propos* meeting in the Chateau D'Hu-meires, when her looks reminded him of past promises and professions, which he doubted not would now rise up in array against him.

When the Countess led Genevieve to her own apartment, Ferdinand remained alone nearly three hours, before a female messenger from the Countess requested "his immediate presence."

He obeyed, and followed her to the apartment of her lady. Upon entering it, he perceived his worst fears were confirmed. Genevieve, divested of her ornaments, her dress disordered, pale as death, and evidently but just recovered from a fainting fit, was reclining on a sofa, supported by Suzetta, whose aged face was bathed in tears. The Countess was pacing the apartment with a disordered step and haughty air; she approached the Marquis, and extending her hand towards him, offered him a rosary with a small gold crucifix attached to it. Ferdinand recoiled with surprize: it had been a present from himself to Janetta, to confirm the promises he had made her to destroy the portrait of Genevieve, and he gazed upon it with silence, without attempting to touch it. The Countess observed him, but endeavouring to suppress her an-

ger said, "your emotion, Marquis, proves that I am not mistaken in my conjectures; this rosary once belonged to you?"

Ferdinand, incapable of asserting a falsehood (love affairs excepted,) bowed assent, and the Countess continued—

"The unfortunate girl, (to whom you doubtless gave it) has rashly fled the chateau, and sought destruction amidst the surrounding wilds rather than endure the sight of her betrayer: as she passed through the entrance hall, she bade a servant give this to the most perfidious of men." It was brought to me, and your initials upon it, blended with those of that unfortunate girl, proves that you are indeed deserving of that title. "Therefore, Marquis, from this moment we are strangers: my sentiments are those of my child, she will never wed the man,

capable of repaying hospitality with ingratitude ; the *seducer* of *Janetta* shall never be the *husband* of *Genevieve*."

The feelings of Ferdinand were now beyond restraint, and he impetuously exclaimed, "you wrong me, Countess, I am no seducer ; I do not deny that the beauty of *Janetta* dazzled my senses for a time, but she is innocent, nor would I for worlds now injure her ;" then rushing to *Genevieve*, he fell upon his knees before her, as he continued, "banish me not, dearest, best beloved *Genevieve*, my affianced wife ; distract me not by those averted looks, your image alone is impressed upon my heart ; let not then the cold dictates of age or resentment separate us ; you are, you shall be mine, nor can the mandates of another tear you from me."

Genevieve had with difficulty supported the interview ; her heart was deeply wounded, but that heart was all his own, nor could her resentment for his conduct, nor her pity for Janetta, stifle her affection sufficiently to make her insensible to his agony ; and as he frantically caught her in his arms, she fainted on his shoulder. The Countess then with difficulty persuaded him to quit the room, but he would not relinquish his insensible burden, till he was promised another interview as soon as she recovered. He then retired, and dispatched the whole of his retinue different ways in search of Janetta, for whose rashness, in thus exposing herself to the horrors of the night, amidst the precipices of the Pyrenees, he felt most acutely.

The day closed in, and every messenger from the chamber of Gene-

vieve, brought intelligence of her increasing indisposition, and before night, she was declared alarmingly ill of a fever, and no person but her immediate attendants suffered to approach her. Ferdinand raved, declaring it was a plot to banish him from her presence, and insisting upon admittance, but the Countess was inexorable in her refusal, and he was obliged to submit.

His attendants returned late, without any tidings of Janetta, and to avoid the reproachful looks of her parents he retired to his chamber, a prey to the most poignant remorse and regret for his past follies.

For several days Genevieve continued secluded, and the Countess politely informed the Marquis that she thought his absence from the chateau was necessary, for restoring

her grand-child's peace of mind. He refused to take his dismissal from any one but Genevieve herself, in consequence of which he received the following billet :

“ The Lady Genevieve De Castro is extremely sorry that she is under the necessity of avowing that her sentiments, with regard to the conduct of the Marquis D'Uxelles, are the same as the Countess D'Humeires, and that solitude and the presence of her friends alone can restore her usual tranquillity of mind.”

Upon the receipt of this cold epistle, pride forbade the Marquis's longer stay ; instant orders were given for his departure, and an hour beheld him without the walls of the chateau, when he endeavoured, by the celerity of his progress, to fly from himself.

Genevieve, whose indisposition had

been much exaggerated, beheld from the window of her apartment his carriage roll rapidly along, and as amidst the distant blue mists of the mountains, it vanished from her sight, she wept with unrepressed agony.

CHAP. II.

"'Twas but one instant that she stood,
Then sped as if by death pursued ;
But in that instant o'er her soul,
Winters of memory seem'd to roll."

LORD BYRON.

JANETTA, after delivering the rosary to a servant, in an agony of despair quitted the chateau, and plunged into the deepest gloom of the surrounding woods ;—uncertain of her course, and only anxious to avoid the presence of her rival, and the perfidious Ferdinand, the day had closed before the agitation of her mind sufficiently subsided for her to observe the path she had taken, and determine for the future. The increasing darkness, and the distant howling of the wolves (which numerouslly infest

those almost impenetrable forests) first awoke her to the danger of her present situation ;—she paused, and looked around ; she was in a deep defile, which led between two precipices, that rose not more than twenty yards asunder upon each side of her ; the tall fir and pine cloathed them to their summits, and hung darkling o'er the path beneath, casting even at noon-day the gloom of evening upon the rugged road she trod. Janetta seated herself upon the withered trunk of a blasted pine, that the wind had hurled from the lofty summit of the precipice, to rest for a few minutes her almost exhausted frame. The moon was just rising, and shedding its silvery light upon the summit of the woods ; their shadow fell in dark masses upon the defile, and totally obscured the path,—whilst the baying of the wolves from their hollow ca-

verns reverberated from rock to rock, and formed a concert of a most appalling nature. Janetta was naturally fearless, yet a situation so new to her filled her with horror; a torpid chill crept through her frame, and, sinking on the ground, she clung to the tree on which she had rested, as if for succour and protection. She had remained some time in this situation scarcely sensible, yet not unconscious of the surrounding objects, when a distant light gleamed up the defile. Janetta kept her eyes fixed upon it—it remained stationary; but it was evidently not the moon's pale beams which caused it.—“It is a fire (exclaimed Janetta) perhaps kindled by some wanderer like myself, as a protection against the beasts of prey; at any rate I risk nothing by approaching it.”—Then imploring the protection of the Virgin, in her present

perilous situation, and her aid in revenging her wrongs; she descended the defile as hastily as her fatigue and the ruggedness of the road would permit. She had reached within a few paces of the place, when she paused, at perceiving the fire was surrounded by a band of armed men, upon whose swarthy countenances the light threw a r  d and dusky glare, which was reflected from their polished arms and accoutrements. A sudden thought darted across the brain of Janetta, it was her brother's band, and with a cry of joy she placed herself before them. The suddenness of her appearance in such a place caused the men to start from their recumbent posture with alarm; instinctively each one grasped his pistol or his dagger, but the figure that presented itself to their view made them quit their hold.

Janetta had left the chateau without any other covering than that which she had worn as an attendant of the marriage ; her thin white garments floated on the breeze, and her long dark hair, escaped from its confining bands, waved loosely on her shoulders ; fatigue had robbed her cheek of its bloom, but the coronet of white roses still encircled her polished brow ; and as the fire gleamed upon her majestic form, she appeared almost super-human. Superstition has its votaries, even among the wild bandits of the forest, and the lawless wanderer who would not scruple to shed the blood of the unresisting passenger, will tremble at the well-remembered legends of his grandam.

Near the spot where the fire was kindled, was a cross erected to the memory of St. Rosa, who had perished there, and was nightly supposed to

walk the neighbouring wilds, and the rough bandits shuddered, as on Janetta they gazed (as they thought) upon St. Rosa's apparition; their appalled silence was broken by the near sounding of a horn, and a man completely armed approached them — it was Jaques. Janetta, who had perceived his absence with dismay, no sooner recognized him than she flew towards him, and fell senseless at his feet. — Jaques, almost petrified with surprize, raised her in his arms; — her appearance at such an hour, and in such a place, astonished him, and he looked around, expecting to see her companions, but beheld only his own band, who, now divested of fear, thronged around them. In a few minutes Janetta recovered, and intreated her brother to take her to some place of safety, as she was too much enfeebled to walk further — and too weak, from

fatigue, to explain the cause of her appearance there.

At her request the bandits gazed in silence at each other. Jaques read their thoughts, and laying his hand upon his sword, said—"She is my sister, I engage for her secresy—this sword is pledged to you ; if she break it, I will present it to you, crimsoned with the dearest blood that flows around her heart."

"Enough (replied one of the bandits) we are engaged to each other ; have you any commands ?"

"None ; you already have my orders."

They bowed their heads in token of obedience, and instantly disappeared amidst the surrounding woods.

Janetta had listened during this short dialogue with wonder, yet un-mixed with fear : as soon as she found

herself alone with Jaques, she enquired what perilous secret she was to be intrusted with?

“The secret of our retreat (he replied.) Can you condescend to dwell with lawless plunderers? I have no other asylum to offer you—but why are you a wanderer from your home?”

“I have no longer a home (said Janetta) I seek revenge;—assist me to obtain it, and the plunderers’ dwelling shall henceforth be mine.”

“Your wrongs be mine then (said her brother); but come you are faint with fatigue, yet must you walk a full quarter of a league to our abode—have you strength enough to proceed?”

“Revenge will give me strength,” she replied as she placed her arm within his, and they proceeded in silence to the summit of a precipice, upon whose brow was a chasm that

appeared as if rent by some awful convulsion of nature.

Janetta recoiled as she reached its edge, and perceived an almost imperceptible path wind down the chasm. —Jaques paused, “Down this road,” said he, “must we go to our retreat; the path is perilous to strangers, but perfectly safe to those who know the road;—let me blindfold you, and lead you down.”

Janetta smiled contemptuously, “I am not an infant (she replied) I hope one day to know it well;—proceed, I will follow you.”

Jaques instantly began to descend, and Janetta cautiously, but firmly followed him. The descent was precipitous and dangerous, and one false step must inevitably plunge them in an unfathomable abyss;—but the moon shone with refulgent brightness, and they reached the bottom in safety.

Janetta then found herself in a spacious and verdant amphitheatre, surrounded with stupendous rocks, between whose lofty precipices were numerous caverns, the abode of the bandits, who had grappled with the wolves, the native inhabitants of the spot, and driving them from their dwellings, enlarged them for the accommodation of a race scarce less ferocious. Jaques led her to the cavern appropriated to himself, which was large and commodious, and seating her upon a couch, placed a small table before her, with wine and fruit. —Janetta gazed around her with astonishment; every thing was arranged with a degree of luxury she had never beheld any where (except in the Chateau D'Humieres). Jaques smiled at the wonder her countenance betrayed, and said—

“ Did you suppose, Janetta, that

in quitting the cottage I embraced the life of a hermit—and swore like a monk to abstain from the good things of this world, and condemn myself to a life of penance and mortification?”

“ No, (she replied ;) but I wonder, in such a place, to find every convenience of the rich ;—and you appear cheerful—is it possible you can be happy, my brother?”

A light crimson tinged his cheek, as with an assumed air of pleasantry, he replied, “ very possible—but pray what cause has brought a wandering maiden to the abode of a recreant knight?—(Then changing his tone, he added) No ill news from the valley I hope?”

The tremor of his voice, whilst he made this enquiry, proved that though he was an alien to his family, he was not insensible of their welfare, and

Janetta instantly replied in the negative; then beseeching his patience to the narrative she had to recount, she began with the introduction of the Marquis to their cottage, and finished with the discovery of the morning.

Jaques listened with interest: pride was the predominant feeling of his soul, and his varying colour, as she proceeded in her tale, told how deeply he felt the insult she had received: when she had concluded he vowed to assist her oath of revenge.

“Were you his equal in rank,” he cried, “his blood must atone for the insult; and he shall feel, that though cottage born, we have hearts as haughty and as conscious of inborn worth as if we had first drawn breath in a palace.—I swear to bring your hated rival to your feet.”

“Part her (she exclaimed) from

Ferdinand, and I am happy ;—let me but live to behold his agonies for her loss, and my wrongs will be in part revenged.”

Promising to think of some plan, Jaques left the cavern, that she might seek repose ;—but sleep fled her pillow, the image of Genevieve united to Ferdinand swam before her eyes, and broke her rest, for she knew not that her flight had already prevented the union she was forming plans to destroy.

The following morning she arose at an early hour ; Jaques was already pacing the amphitheatre before the caverns, she joined him, and continued in discourse upon the subject nearest her heart till one of the band announced her breakfast waited. They then returned to the cavern, and whilst they took their repast, it was resolved to send a scout to the chateau to learn

the situation of affairs there, and how they might best proceed to get the bride within their power. The day passed heavily with Janetta, and the night the same ; for it was late the following day before her messenger returned with the intelligence that the marriage had not taken place, and that her elopement had probably prevented it for ever, and spread confusion throughout the chateau. A gleam of joy lighted up the features of Janetta at the recital ; the misery and mortification of D'Uxelles fell like drops of balm upon her lacerated heart, and for the first time since she quitted the chateau, her eyes sought repose undimmed with tears.

The following day the scout was again dispatched, and Jaques and his band likewise quitted the caverns. Janetta, left to solitude and her own thoughts, passed the day in pacing the

amphitheatre, and listening to every sound ;—it was evening when she beheld Jaques first wind down the chasm ; his whole form wore an air of exultation, and he exclaimed,

“ Rejoice, Janetta, you are revenged—D’Uxelles has fallen the victim of his perfidy, I saw him drop lifeless in his carriage, and this tube conveyed the deadly blow.”

As he spoke, he extended towards her his hand, which grasped a pistol, but to his utter astonishment she shrunk from the murderous instrument, and uttering a shriek of horror, sunk senseless on the ground. When she recovered, her love for Ferdinand seemed to have revived with her conviction of his death, and she lamented his fate in the most heart-rending terms, till Jaques (not allowing for the caprices of love and jealousy—and provoked at her instability) over-

whelmed her with reproaches.—She uttered no more complaints, but her grief was so deep as to render her incapable of taking either rest or refreshment, and Jaques, fearing for her life, dispatched his scouts to track the carriage and ascertain whether D'Uxelles had really fallen a victim, as he had merely seen him sink back when he received the shot, and his affrighted steeds bore him from farther outrage.—This messenger quickly returned with information that the carriage had halted at a house in the valley, where the Marquis, who was only hurt in one of his arms, had the wound dressed, and proceeded on his journey.

Upon receiving this intelligence, Janetta's love and regrets instantly vanished together, and she employed all her arts to prevail on Jaques to further her plan of separating Ferdinand and Genevieve for ever, as she

dreaded the Marquis would return to the chateau, and induce Genevieve privately to listen to his passion, as she truly judged that the influence of the Countess had caused his present dismissal.—Jaques, who really loved her, consented to carry into execution the scheme she proposed of forcing Genevieve from the chateau, and imprisoning her in the caverns till the Marquis had fixed his affections elsewhere, and chance rendered their plan more feasible than they had either hoped or expected.

The Countess possessed immense estates in Gascony, upon the river Adair ; it was some time since she had seen them, as the Count preferred the chateau in the Pyrenees. To dissipate the melancholy which still preyed upon Genevieve, she determined now to visit them, as she thought change of scene might banish Ferdinand from

her remembrance ;— accordingly the day was fixed for their departure, and the intelligence was brought to the cavern, to the great joy of Janetta. —On the appointed day, Jaques, at the head of his band, quitted the cavern, and intercepting the carriage of the Countess, forced the shrieking Genevieve from the bosom of her grand-mother. In this exploit no blood was shed, for the few aged attendants of the Countess were too much intimidated by the numbers and fierce deportment of the bandits to offer any opposition, and tying a bandage round Genevieve's eyes, they placed her in a litter, and bore her to the caverns, where Janetta awaited her arrival with mingled feelings of hatred and exultation. When the bandage was taken from the eyes of the timid weeping Genevieve, she beheld Janetta, and forgetful of the

past, she sprung from the grasp of the men who held her, and would have flung herself into her arms, at the sight of a female, wearing to her the aspect of a friend: but with extended hands Janetta contemptuously repulsed her, exclaiming, “the affianced bride of the Marquis D’Uxelles will surely not condescend to notice the low born Janetta D’Aubois — that Janetta, whom her arts have twice driven from the shelter of her grand-mother’s roof;—but in return she welcomes the Lady Genevieve to an abode where all her favours shall be repaid with interest.”

The irony of her tone, and the malevolence which shone in her full dark eye, froze the blood of Genevieve, and she stood the statue of surprize, unable to speak. Janetta, turning to the men, with an air of authority, ordered them to convey

the prisoner to the place of her destination. The bandits approaching her to obey, Genevieve sprung forwards, and kneeling, clung to the garments of Janetta in speechless agony, who spurned the hapless girl from her with scorn, and the men instantly seizing her, she fainted;—in the struggle her travelling robe flew open, and Janetta discovered suspended from the neck of the lovely sufferer the well-remembered rosary and crucifix, which, having remained in the hands of the Countess, love had tempted Genevieve to purloin, as a remembrance of the man she was forbid again to think of; and she had concealed it beneath her robe for the pleasure of weeping over it during her journey, as often as night left her unobserved. — With eager hands Janetta tore it from her neck, and motioning the men to obey her mandate, they bore the insensible

Genevieve to a cavern on the opposite part of the amphitheatre, which was closed in with massy doors, and used as a prison for any refractory member of the band. There laying her, still insensible, upon a bed of dried leaves, they closed the door and left her.

Janetta stood for several minutes holding the rosary in her hand ; its appearance brought afresh to her mind the ardent expressions of affection and attachment which Ferdinand made use of when he presented it to herself in the cottage arbour : its being so carefully treasured by her rival, awakened every feeling of rage and jealousy, and she furiously dashed the sacred symbol from her. Raising her eyes, with astonishment, she beheld Jaques, with his arms folded, gazing pensively and earnestly upon the doors of the dungeon where Gene-

vieve was confined;—he seemed absorbed in thought, and when she addressed him, startled, and complaining of sudden indisposition, hastily retired.—Sudden as the lightning's flash, it darted across the brain of Janetta, that Jaques loved the all fascinating Genevieve, whose beauty with a glance had triumphed and subdued the heart of the hitherto insensible bandit; her own was wrung with anguish at the thought, and impetuously she exclaimed, “Am I for her to be forsaken by every being that I love—may her accursed beauty become her perdition and theirs!”—then hastily pacing the cavern, she wept with agony; but by degrees other ideas supplanted those tormenting ones, and she smiled as she reflected, how complete would be her triumph over D'Uxelles, could she force his affianced bride to become the wife of a bandit.

Full of these thoughts, she instantly sought her brother, determined to tax him with his new born passion, and propose his instantly wedding his captive.

When Genevieve revived, she found herself the inhabitant of a vaulted cavern, receiving only a small portion of light through a grating in the centre of the door; her clothes were disordered, and her cherished rosary torn from her bosom, and amidst the torrent of tears that fell from her eyes at the remembrance of her grandmother, were many that had the rosary for their source.—The conduct of Janetta had disclosed to her that revenge and jealousy were the causes of her confinement, and she felt that she had every thing to fear.—As she lay ruminating upon the bed of leaves on which she had been placed whilst insensible, she heard the door of her

cell unlock, and raising her eyes, she beheld a man of low stature enter, in the dress of a bandit; involuntarily she shrunk back as the fellow approached her, but making a surly kind of half bow he told her—"to rise and follow him."—Surprized at the dogged kind of respect he evinced, she instantly obeyed, and as steadily as her trembling limbs would permit her, she followed him from the cell.

The evening was already far advanced, and the high precipices which overtopped the cavern early threw the gloom of night beneath, and numerous lamps were already lit up in the different abodes of the bandits, and as Genevieve gained the entrance of the cave she had beheld Janetta in, in the morning, she started back as she perceived that female alone, dressed with a degree of elegance and splendor, and seated on a settee, with

a table before her, on which was a very handsome tea equipage. Janetta beheld her half retiring figure as she shrunk from the entrance, and rising from her seat, came forward, and taking one of her hands in her own led her to the settee, and then placed herself by her side.—Her looks of anger and scorn were changed to smiles and tender attention, and as she pressed her captive to take some refreshment, she intreated her pardon for her former conduct with such apparent contrition and candour, that, overcome by the unexpected kindness, Genevieve melted again into tears.—Janetta soothed her, and at length prevailed upon her to take a cup of coffee; ever prompt and decisive in all her actions, she avoided not an explanation, but when Genevieve intreated to be informed why she had so rudely been torn from th

arms of her nearest relative, she unhesitatingly replied—

“ To give you a nearer and dearer relative. — A man whose personal graces few can excel, by me demands your hand ; in three days you must become his wife, and let not any lurking passion for the Marquis D’Uxelles tempt you to refuse this offer, for you never shall be his—his hand is mine—and by every thing dearest to my soul, I swear to plunge a poignard in the heart of any other woman that shall dare to become his bride.”

As she spoke, her sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks gave to her fine formed features and majestic figure an air of intrepidity and malevolence almost demoniac, though exquisitely beautiful ; and Genevieve, shuddering as she gazed, averted her head as she said, “ And who is this person, who with such gentleness woos the

heiress of the noble house of Humeyres ?”

“ My brother (replied Janetta, with an air of mingled triumph and audacity) my brother, Jaques D'Aubois, the leader of the band in whose power you now are.”

“ How !” exclaimed Genevieve, starting from her seat, “ a robber !” and the fire which darted from her bright blue eye, was not surpassed even by the angry glances of her rival—“ A robber !—You did well, Janetta, to bring me here, before you insulted me with such a proposal ; in the halls of my forefathers you would not have dared even to whisper to yourself a thought so degrading.”

Janetta's frame shook with passion, but she was prevented replying by the entrance of Jaques, and as he approached the settee, she scornfully withdrew. The entrance of the ban-

dit chief instantly subdued the transient spirit which wounded pride had excited in the bosom of the mild Genevieve, and she sunk upon her seat as he approached her, with a look so appalled, as to excite his commiseration, and placing himself by her side, he tenderly besought her to calm her agitated spirit, and view him in the light of a friend, rather than a lover. —The term lover raised again all the pride of the high born heiress, and she cast upon the suppliant, Jaques, such a glance of scorn and contempt, that all his new-born passion was scarcely sufficient to prevent his showing his resentment of it;—but stifling his indignation, he urged his suit with ardour, describing in the most impassioned manner the effect her charms had taken on his heart, and changed a bitter enemy to a sincere and fervent adorer.—But all his rhetoric

could gain no other answer than tears and disdainful looks, till at length his own pride being aroused, he hastily arose, and summoned the man who had brought her from her cell, to conduct her thither again, adding, "that she would find it rendered more commodious, though her safety required, that till the ceremony of their marriage was performed, it must remain the same."—He then forcibly prest her struggling hand to his lips and withdrew, and Genevieve, her heart swelling almost to bursting, in silence followed her guide to her prison, where she found a small truckle bed substituted for the one of leaves, some old tapestry had been hastily nailed round the rocky walls, and a thick matting laid upon the ground. The bandit placed the lamp he carried upon a small table, and without speaking, suddenly withdrew; but the

barring of the doors convinced her she was still a prisoner, and she flung herself upon the bed in an agony of sorrow.

The following morning she beheld the same bandit again enter; he bore a tray with refreshments, which he laid upon the table, and presenting her with a folded paper, instantly withdrew.—Genevieve hastily tore open the billet, and read as follows:—

“ ADORED GENEVIEVE,

“ Your lover will not again presume to intrude himself into your presence, till the moment which shall make him the happiest of men; during my absence all within the caverns are at your command; ask what you will (liberty excepted) and it is yours—if you prefer the company of my sister to solitude, speak but the word, and she will with pleasure attend you.

—I go to secure a priest that shall bind you irrevocably to me alone—to-morrow; before midnight, you will be the wife of the devoted

“JAQUES D'AUBOIS.”

With horror Genevieve perused what appeared to seal her doom for misery.—Not the smallest hopes of escaping her dreadful destiny appeared, immured as she was in the bosom of a rock—in the power of a ruffian lover—and a jealous rival. She had scarcely concluded it, when her door re-opened, and the bandit requested to know if she would breakfast in her own cell, or in the cave with Madame Janetta? Genevieve haughtily replied, “that she preferred solitude to any company the caverns could afford her;”—and the fellow, with a scowl, instantly withdrew.

As soon as she was alone, she threw herself upon her knees, to solicit aid from that power alone who could effectually send help. She was not again disturbed with messages, but left the whole of the day to that solitude she had chosen. At night she threw herself, without undressing, again upon her couch ; she slept not—but fatigued with the excessive agitation she had for so many hours endured, towards morning, she began to slumber, when her light sleep was suddenly broken by the fall of some heavy substance upon the floor of her cell ; trembling with terror, she scarcely dared to breathe : her lamp was extinguished, and she was in total darkness. She doubted not but that the noise she had so indistinctly heard was that of some midnight ruffian, who meant to enter her cell, and

bring her misery to a climax by death, or treatment, compared with which, death would be a blessing. In breathless silence she listened for a repetition of the noise, but no sound met her ear, save the awful rolling of the thunder, which, as the night was unusually tempestuous, reverberated from rock to rock, in a manner the most appalling, to persons unused to its sound, within those caverns, and she began to think that her alarm had been occasioned by the storm alone, when, as the first faint beams of the morning fell upon the grating, she perceived something lying just within the door of her cell ; it was some time before she dared rise from her couch to examine it, but when she did so, she perceived it was a pistol, which had been forced through the bars of the aperture by some friend

from without, but for what purpose she could not imagine, as she had no ammunition, or if she had, neither courage or skill sufficient to know how to use it, had it been possible for her to conceal it about her person as a defence from insult. As she stood musing and examining it with great attention — she perceived something concealed in the muzzle ; hastily she drew it forth, and upon a small crumpled bit of paper, she read the following lines, written, with a pencil, in the well-known hand of Ferdinand :

“ BELOVED GENEVIEVE,

“ If I may still presume to call you by that name, fear not—the guardian of innocence watches unceasingly over you ;—to-morrow, an hour before midnight, the doors of your prison will be opened—hesitate not to

follow the person you will then behold, who will conduct you in safety to your repentant lover.

“ FERDINAND.”

It was with difficulty, by the dubious light which streamed through the narrow aperture, that she read this billet; but its contents conveyed the most ecstatic pleasure to her heart.— She fell upon her knees, and returned fervent thanks for this merciful interposition of Providence. An hour before midnight would remove her from the power of Janetta, and Jaques was no longer feared, yet might not her deliverer come too late to prevent her becoming the bride of the bandit? Endeavouring to turn her thoughts from so distressing a supposition, she tore the welcome billet to atoms, and hid its remains, with the pistol, behind the tapestry; then throwing herself

upon the couch, she laid, endeavouring to frame her countenance to conceal the agitation of her heart.

At the usual hour the bandit again entered with an invitation to breakfast from Janetta, and wishing to lull all suspicion, she accepted the offer, and followed the man to the cave, where Janetta was already seated: her look of triumph and surprize, when she beheld her captive, plainly told she did not expect her invited guest, but rising, she welcomed her with smiles. Genevieve, for the first time in her life, practised duplicity; yet the mask sat but ill upon her, for when she found herself seated by the side of her grand-mother's dependant, treated as an equal, and a relative, her heart swelled almost to bursting, and in spite of her wish to appear calm and courteous, her manner was cold and constrained.

Janetta, who beheld in the approaching marriage her revenge and pride both gratified, endeavoured by the softness of her demeanour, to obliterate the remembrance of her former violence ; but the silence and abstraction of Genevieve alarmed her pride, and she resumed her native haughtiness of manner, and, though cottage born, a throne could not have given greater dignity to her mien. As soon as the repast was ended, Genevieve rose to retire, nor did Janetta attempt to detain her ; the bandit accompanied her to her cell, which was again carefully secured, and she was left to the indulgence of her own thoughts. As the day advanced, her agitation was so uncontrollable as to make her rejoice at being alone, and as night drew near, her perturbation increased ; the evening was uncommonly dark, and threatened to be as tempestuous as the

preceding one. The bandit did not appear to light her lamp, and she felt sensations of horror for which she could not account, as the last fading glimmering of twilight vanished from her cell, and, kneeling down, she addressed her prayers to the Virgin for fortitude and protection.

She had not been long thus employed, when she was startled by loud and repeated cries, and the fall of some heavy substance from the summit of the precipice, which was followed by deep and appalling groans. Instantly all was confusion within the caverns, torches borne by the band illuminated the space before her cell, and the distracted shrieks of a woman rung upon her ear. In vain did Genevieve call through the aperture, her voice was unheard, or unheeded, amidst the general tumult, and she was obliged to remain the prey of

uncertain and agonized apprehension ; that some unfortunate being had fallen from the precipice, she was convinced, as the groans of the sufferer were still mingled with the sobs and suppressed cries of a female ; but in a few minutes all were removed to the interior of the caverns, and she was again left to darkness and solitude. Ideas the most horrid to be born now crossed her imagination—was it possible that Ferdinand, anticipating the hour of her release, had wandered to the edge of the precipice ? Her head grew giddy, as the dreadful vision presented itself to her mind's eye, and she sunk upon her couch, scarcely sensible of the surrounding objects.

Hour after hour passed away, and still neither the promised release nor Ferdinand came, and she had just concluded her dreadful surmise was truth, when, she heard the doors of her dungeon

unclose ; starting up, she eagerly cast her eyes to the entrance, but the sickness of death came over her as she beheld several of the bandits, with lighted torches, enter ; all hopes of escape were now vanished, and she fell nearly senseless again upon her pillow. One of the men, approaching her with a tone of respect, informed her, “ that the priest was arrived, and his chief awaited her presence in the large cavern.”

“ Oh leave me !—leave me ! (she replied) I can die, but I will not become his wife.”

“ Why, as to that, lady (said the man) it is all one to us, and no business of ours ; you may do which you like best, but we must obey orders—if you will not go, we must carry you.”

Approaching her, as he spoke, Genevieve sprung hastily from the couch, and waving her hand to repel him,

said, "I will accompany you; only inform me who is the unfortunate being that this evening fell from the precipice."

The men shuddered as she spoke, and strong feelings of agitation shook their rugged frames; it was but momentary, for they instantly stifled the sensation, as if ashamed of the weakness of humanity; and the one that had before addressed her, assuming an air of sternness, bade her "not enquire about what could not possibly concern her, but instantly to follow them, unless she intended they should use force."

Perceiving that she should gain no information, she motioned them to proceed, and inwardly addressing the Virgin for fortitude, she followed them to the entrance of a cavern she had never seen before. It was of an immense extent, dimly illuminated by

a few torches held by some of the band ; at its extremity was a temporary altar erected, and by its side stood a man in the habit of a priest, conversing with another, whose back was towards her ; but the dress was that of Jaques, and Genevieve's heart died within her ; yet without a moment's hesitation she approached the priest, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, she exclaimed, " Have compassion, holy father, upon a helpless female, torn from her friends, and compelled to appear here before you. I protest against this marriage ; my heart is another's, and were it free, never could be given to the man that would now possess it."

The priest, stooping to raise her, replied, " You speak like a wayward child, who knows not her own will. I have been assured that you consented to the performance of the ceremony, and shall proceed accordingly."

The bandit then siezed her hand, and the priest began ; but Genevieve struggled, and called upon all around for aid ; she implored even the help of Janetta, but Janetta was not there, or if she were, so shrouded in the gloom of the half illuminated cavern, that Genevieve beheld her not. The ceremony proceeded, and though she audibly answered in the negative, the bandit chief placed the ring upon her shrinking hand ; the ceremony was concluded, the cavern rung with the shouts of the band, and Genevieve fell lifeless in the arms of the being that now called her wife.

CHAP. III.

“ Though far and near the bullets hiss,
She ’scaped a bloodier hour than this ;
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit.”

LORD BYRON.

WHEN Ferdinand Marquis D’Uxelles left the Chateau D’Humeires, his mind, agitated by regret and remorse, he heeded not the progress of time, till aroused by a general shout, he raised his eyes, and beheld the mountain band intercepting his progress, with their captain placed upon a small eminence to command the attack ; his eye met that of Jaques, who instantly recognized him, and eager to revenge the wrongs of his sister, he fired—the Marquis sunk back in the chaise, and the band rushed

forward on their prey ; but the driver instantly applied the lash to the horses, and they bore down all opposition ; the band then discharged their muskets in a volley, but they did no mischief, and the affrighted steeds flew like the wind, bearing their master in safety from the bandits. As soon as they were at a proper distance they halted, and a slight wound, which Ferdinand had received in his arm, was bound up, and they proceeded ; but they had scarcely reached the valley, when they perceived that he had fainted, and his attendants (who loved him to enthusiasm) bore him into a cottage by the road side, and procured a surgeon. A ball was then extracted from his arm, and quiet recommended, to prevent a fever which threatened ; but the agitation of his mind prevented his resting, nor was his tranquillity restored by be-

holding the following morning from the window of his apartment, the well known cottage of Justin.

“ Why am I here, (he exclaimed) let us instantly depart ; who brought me here ?”

“ It was I, my Lord, (replied his valet) this cottage is my father's ; I have not seen him till now since Justin engaged me to attend upon your Lordship. He is very proud of the honour conferred upon him by your reposing beneath his roof ; I hope you will not mortify him by quitting it before you are recovered.”

Ferdinand endeavoured to recollect himself, and then dismissed Henri, with a trifling excuse for his impetuosity ; he then again threw his eyes over the lovely landscape before him, but its roses were armed with thorns, which pressed deep into his heart, for amidst it stood the little arbour in which he

had often uttered vows he then deemed so immaterial, but which now threatened to colour his future days with misery, and bitterly did he regret the unprincipled levity which had made him offer love to one woman, whilst his heart was another's.

He had been some days at the cottage, and his arm was sufficiently recovered for him to wear it in a sling, when, walking one day for exercise in the garden before his abode, he saw a carriage driving furiously towards him, and as he approached, he recognized the livery of the Countess D'Humeires; astonishment rivetted him to the spot, and he stood gazing upon it till it approached him, when, instead of passing, it halted, and one of the attendants exclaimed,

“Hasten, my lord, pray hasten to the assistance of my lady!”

Ferdinand flew to the carriage, but

beheld, instead of Genevieve, only the Countess and her woman bathed in tears.

“Where is Genevieve (he impetuously demanded) what may those tears portend?”

“That she is lost to us for ever! (replied the Countess) Oh, Marquis! all that is past shall be forgotten; restore Genevieve to my widowed arms, and I will no longer oppose the wishes of your heart; rescue her, and she shall be your wife.”

With horror he learnt that she had then been forced from the arms of her grand-mother by banditti: instantly the truth flashed upon his mind—Jaques was the ravisher, instigated by his sister; and he trembled as he reflected what might be her treatment.

The Countess's attendants, after her loss, afraid to retrace their steps, had driven forward to the valley; but now

reinforced by the Marquis and his retinue, they returned and reached the Chateau D'Humeires in safety, where as soon as he had seen the Countess a little composed, Ferdinand left them, and taking only Henri with him, plunged into the intricacies of the forest, in the hope of succouring Genevieve: force he knew would not avail, therefore, as upon stratagem and fortune only he must depend, he would have gone alone, but for the intreaties of his attendant, who urged his knowledge of the forests from infancy as an inducement to his master to allow of his attendance.

Except the road from the chateau to the valley, there was no other in which a horse could pass; therefore they went on foot, and Henri's local knowledge of the spot was of great service; but the object of their search, the retreat of the bandits, had been

so often sought by the sufferers from their violence without success, that they proceeded, scarcely hoping to succeed. Evening drew on, and they were still clambering over rocks and precipices. Henri endeavoured to beguile the time with numberless anecdotes of the mountain band, and their chief, whom Henri acknowledged to be a great favorite of his, having been school-fellows. The night was fast closing, when they heard at a short distance loud cries of distress.

Ferdinand, ever alive to the calls of humanity, and careless of his own safety, darted towards the spot, and forcing his way through a thicket, beheld a man sinking beneath the gripe of a ravenous wolf, with whom he had been vainly contending, as the animal had fastened upon his right arm and shoulder. Ferdinand was an excellent marksman, and instantly

fired a pistol at the furious animal, though he was in such close contact with the sufferer, that to miss would have been the death of him he wished to save ; the ball took effect, and the savage fell lifeless upon his prostrate victim, who was thus bathed with the blood of his enemy. Henri, who had closely followed the steps of his master, assisted the terrified man to rise, who, kneeling at the feet of Ferdinand, thanked him for his life ; his voice seemed to awaken strange sensations in the breast of Henri, he approached, and gazing earnestly upon the disfigured features of the stranger, exclaimed, “ Roberto ! ”

The man, starting up, looked for a minute in his face, then made an attempt to fly, but, exhausted by his struggle with the wolf, sunk again upon the ground ; the big tears chaced

each other down the cheek of Henri, as he said—

“ Oh, my lord, it is Roberto, my dear, my only brother ! how miserable has his life for the last three years made all that know him—he is a member of the mountain band.”

Ferdinand, now much interested, besought the man to rise, and assist them in procuring shelter for the night ; but mixed feelings of pride, shame and remorse, kept him silent, till, moved by the tender pleadings of his brother, he at length threw his arms around his neck, and pressed him to his heart. The wounds of Roberto were more painful than dangerous ; the fangs of the animal had torn his right arm, and both his hands were deeply bitten. Ferdinand rent his handkerchief in pieces to make bandages ; the bandit had a bottle of

drops in his pocket, which were carried by all the band, to be ready upon an emergency, and Henri steeped the handkerchief in them, and bound around the wounds, when Roberto expressed his conviction that they would be no farther troublesome ; then rising from the ground, he motioned them to follow him, and led the way through thickets and defiles, impervious to the mid-day sun, through tracks and paths which none but the foot of a bandit had ever trod before, and which all but a bandit, would have considered impassable.

They had followed him for some time, and the increasing gloom almost hid him from their view, as he, notwithstanding his wounds, moved at a quicker rate than either Ferdinand or Henri could do through such uneven paths, when suddenly they lost sight of him : they followed to the spot

where he had disappeared, and recoiled but just in time to save themselves from falling down a precipice, whose depth the darkness prevented their ascertaining. Ferdinand stood in silent amazement, whilst Henri trembled with terror; — at length, after a silence of several minutes, Ferdinand drew his sword, exclaiming—

“ The villain has betrayed us; but he shall not find us an easy prey.”

“ Oh, no, no, my lord! (replied Henri) it is impossible, Roberto will never sacrifice the life of that man who preserved his own.”

“ Right, boy!” (exclaimed a voice they knew to be Roberto’s) and turning round, beheld him at their elbow.

“ Right, Henri, a bandit has nothing to do with the vice of ingratitude; we leave that to civilized society.— Follow me, my lord, your situation alone can excuse your doubts; you

may follow me in safety, which my temporary absence was only to ascertain."

He then pressed through a thicket on one side of them, and Ferdinand beheld the entrance to a cave, which appeared more like the resort of wild beasts of the forest, than the abode of men ; the opening was so narrow that only one person could enter at a time, and so low that they were obliged to walk almost double. Roberto led the way ; it wound for a considerable distance through the rock, and at length terminated in a large and lofty cavern, lit by a lamp depending from its centre, which shed a gloomy light around ; the place appeared so cheerless, with so many nooks and passages branching from it, that Ferdinand alternately viewed the place and his guide with an eye of suspicion.

" Fear nothing," said Roberto, who

perceived his glances, "you are safe from danger here; this is not our dwelling, but only used as a place of refreshment and occasional retreat; there is no entrance to it but the one we have just passed through, and should we hear footsteps approaching, you will have plenty of time to conceal yourselves in the inner caverns, one of which is plentifully stored with good wine, and I dare say you will have no objection to taste it, although it is the fruits of plunder; but, as the philosophers tell us, we are all the slaves of circumstances, and were one of the reverend grey-beards themselves, lost like you, in a dark forest at night, he would, like you, be glad of an asylum, though in a bandit's lair."

As he was speaking, he took from a niche a flask of wine, some biscuits, and an immense baked ham, uncut, which he placed upon a table, and,

drawing some stools towards it, invited Ferdinand to be seated, who, by his ready acceptance of his offer, and a goblet of wine he handed to him, proved the truth of his philosophical remark.

Henri, keeping a respectful distance, Ferdinand bid him take a seat by his side, and he timidly obeyed.—Roberto appeared to view the obsequiousness of his brother with inward indignation, and, as he seated himself at a distance from the table, exclaimed—

“Pshaw, boy!—what art thou afraid of; the sons of Adam are all equal, and though the rich deny the rights of their poorer brethren, yet misfortunes can easily reduce the one to the level of the other, and then who has the superiority—the strongest arm, to be sure.”

The revolution, which for many years afterwards drenched France with blood, had just then began to appear, and equality was the favourite topic of every tongue, therefore Ferdinand was not so surprized at hearing such sentiments as a French noble would have been a few years previous to that era ; but a flush of mingled anger and surprize past over his countenance as he said—

“ You speak your mind freely, friend, with such sentiments you would be an acquisition to the leading party in Paris?”

“ Not exactly (he replied) I admire the cause, but reprobate the manner in which I perceive it will be conducted ; but come, we are not met here to discuss politics, liberty is the natural inheritance of a bandit, he forsakes every domestic comfort for

the free enjoyment of his birthright, therefore, my lord, if you are treated here with too little ceremony, do not construe into an affront what is the mere effect of habit ; I am indebted to you for my life, yet I scorn to become your slave ; but come, eat and drink cheerfully of what the table affords, and when the repast is ended, task my power as you will, and you shall find I am not ungrateful."

Ferdinand accepted the invitation, and the meal past in silence, though during it he could not withdraw his gaze from the striking form and figure of the bandit, whose features were strongly marked with an expression of acuteness, and more than common intelligence ; his limbs were formed in a mould of almost Herculean strength, his wild habits had bronzed his countenance, and given a character of fierceness to the quick glances of

his full dark eye ; but as the lamp shed its rays upon his colossal figure, Ferdinand imagined he beheld strong traits of benevolence in the contour of his physiognomy, which made him unhesitatingly impart to him, as soon as requested, the cause of his wanderings.

Roberto listened with fixed attention, and when he had concluded, a contemptuous smile played round his mouth, as he said—

“ So then, my lord, you have risked your life in thus exploring the bandits’ haunts for a woman, who, ere this, perhaps, may have taught her to prefer my commander to yourself.”

“ Impossible ! (replied Ferdinand) the bare surmise is a sacrilege ; Genevieve is my affianced bride.”

“ May be so (added Roberto, with unusual asperity) but my captain is bold, handsome, and amorous ; such

qualities have e'er now seduced a wedded wife."

Ferdinand was about to reply indignantly, when the sound of many voices made them start from their seats. "Follow me (exclaimed Roberto) your lives depend upon concealment — my comrades are approaching."

He darted, as he spoke, down a narrow passage that led from the cavern, followed by Ferdinand and Henri; it was entirely dark, but the sound of his footsteps were their guides. In a few minutes he opened a door in the side of the passage, and pushing them in, closed and locked it on the outside, and putting the key in his pocket, retreated up the passage. Ferdinand was far from tranquil, when he found himself thus unexpectedly a prisoner; but silencing the exclamations of the affrighted

Henri, he listened attentively to the numerous voices which resounded through the cavern, and which their proximity to, allowed them plainly to distinguish.

“ Why, Roberto (exclaimed a rough voice) what the devil is the matter with the man? Why, thou lookest as if thou hadst fought upon even terms, and got the worst of it— what the plague art thou bandaged up for, have the thorns in the bushes scratched thee?”

“ Thorns!” repeated Roberto indignantly, “ have a care, Pierre, or untimely jesting will be a thorn of steel in thy side ere long; if thou provokest me too far.”

“ Nay (replied Pierre) I know thou would'st not fear to pull the devil by his tail, if his Satanic majesty would so far relax in his vigilance as for an instant to turn his

back upon thee ; but jesting apart, I meant not to move your anger—how didst get wounded ?”

“ By an encounter with a wolf, who sprung upon my sword arm, and by his firm gripe disabled me for some time from defending myself.”

“ By the mass (rejoined another voice) thou seemest to have stole the wolf's appetite from him ; I fear the animal was the greatest sufferer by your encounter ; I brought this ham here this morning, uncut, from the cavern larder ; but if a whole levy of fat monks had said their vespers over it, I doubt if it would have been more diminished.”

“ A truce with your raillery (said Roberto) I have been two days from the cavern ; is there any news ?”

“ Aye, marry (replied Pierre) news enough, our captain has brought

home a wife, and in future our standard will be her petticoat."

"Wife! (ejaculated Roberto) aye, wife (replied the other) to-morrow night you will have to assist at the ceremony, and drink the bride's health."

"To-morrow night! (repeated Ferdinand to himself) thank Heaven I am yet in time to save her—oh, dearest Genevieve! how bitterly do I lament the indiscretion that has placed thee in so perilous a situation."

The review of the past which now rushed upon his mind, overwhelmed him with feelings of self-accusation, and he heard no more of what past in the cavern till their receding footsteps told him they were departing. Impatiently did they listen for the approach of Roberto, proclaiming their release, but in vain were their expectations,

he came not, and the continued silence induced them to believe that he had departed with his comrades.

“ Oh, my master ! my dear master ! (said Henri) we are indeed betrayed, could I have thought that Roberto, once so generous and kind, would have acted thus.”

“ Peace (replied Ferdinand) you wrong your brother ; circumstances may have compelled him to leave us here for a time, no doubt he will soon return ; but in case any thing should happen to detain him, let us endeavour to discover in what sort of place we are confined, and if escape at the worst is impossible.”

They then carefully felt around the rocky walls, and discovered that they were in a small cell, with a door exactly opposite to the one they had entered by ; it was fastened by a bolt, which yielded easily to the hand, and

the door fell back. They could not distinguish any object, all within being wrapt in impenetrable darkness; but a noisome smell issued from the interior, and Ferdinand would again have shut the door, had not the intreaties of Henri persuaded him to advance; but his sense of smelling being more acute than that of his companion, he stood for a moment to regain his breath, while his servant led the way; in a few minutes he retreated with such haste, as almost to throw Ferdinand, who stood in the door-way, to the ground, and instantly closing the door, precipitately drew the bolt. It was some minutes before he recovered from his alarm sufficiently to answer the reiterated questions of his master, and he then averred, that, in crossing the interior cavern, he stumbled against something, and stooping down to discover what

it was, he had grasped the cold hand of a corpse.

This relation by no means tranquillized Ferdinand, but he endeavoured to persuade Henri the hand might not be that of a corpse, but belong to some unhappy person to whom their assistance might still be useful, and desired him again to open the door, a command which Henri opposed with all the eloquence he was master of, and that his tremor would permit him to use. In the midst of this contest they heard footsteps in the passage, and the other door unbolting, the voice of Roberto bade them, "come to the outer cavern."

Joyfully they obeyed; but when they came to the light, Roberto, perceiving the trembling limbs and fear blanched countenance of his brother, viewed him for a moment with con-

tempt; then turning to Ferdinand, said—

“ I congratulate your lordship on your choice of a companion; a doughty hero you have selected to assist you in the arduous task of rescuing an unwilling captive from the gripe of the mountain band; but we have no time to waste in words, I gave my comrades the slip, and must hasten to our retreat, or we shall be suspected; my absence will be observed, and excite suspicion. To you, my lord, I owe my life, and I would sacrifice it in the service of my commander; but in endeavouring to restore the Lady Genevieve to your arms, I shall in part pay my debt to you, and do him no essential injury, nay, perhaps, confer on him a blessing; by wresting from his arms a woman, I most likely pluck from him a serpent that would here-

after be destructive of his peace ; why should the retreat of the banditti be infested with a being so deadly.”

His powerful emotion now prevented his proceeding, and Ferdinand gazed at him with a look of wonder and enquiry. In a few minutes he recovered himself, and said—

“ My language to a man under the delirium of passion, must appear harsh and unjust ; Henri may hereafter, perhaps, explain to your lordship, why I cherish such a hatred towards the sex ; but come, if you have any implements about you, write, and before the morning’s dawn, I will contrive to convey it to the lady.”

Ferdinand, with a heart bounding with rapture and gratitude, instantly took out his pocket book, and with his pencil hastily traced a few lines, which he gave to Roberto, who placed it in his bosom, and then said—

“ To-morrow evening, you may expect me ; I will then lead you to a place where you may await the coming of the Lady Genevieve. I will procure her escape, if possible, before the hour upon which the marriage is to take place, unless she should prefer remaining in the caverns.”

“ You torture me by such a supposition,” replied Ferdinand.

“ It is not my intention (said the bandit.) I only wish to prepare you for what may not unlikely take place ; you may safely remain in the interior caverns till I return, where there is a couch, which you may repose on for the night ; I will shew it you ;” and, lighting a small lamp by the one which hung from the centre of the cavern, he was proceeding down the passage, when the voice of Henri arrested his progress, and, turning, he beheld the pallid countenance of his

brother, who, in a voice almost inarticulate, besought his lord, "not to venture."

Ferdinand, pitying his alarm, yet fearing to irritate the bandit, hesitatingly recounted, "that seeking an outlet from the cavern, Henri, had by chance, in an interior cell, grasped in the dark something he had mistaken for the hand of a corpse."

A look of anger and derision flashed from the piercing eye of the bandit, as he replied, "It was no mistake, my lord; but follow me, and your curiosity shall be fully satisfied." He then strode hastily down the passage, followed by Ferdinand, and Henri, not daring to remain behind, kept close to the side of his lord. Passing through the small cavern, he unbolted the dreaded door, and, advancing beyond the threshold, he held up the lamp, saying—

“ Behold, my lord, a bandit is mortal, as well as his fellow men;” and Ferdinand perceived, ranged on low biers, many bodies in different stages of decay.

“ I understand (said Ferdinand) this is the cemetery of your band ?”

“ It is so, my lord ; but I suppose you foolish boy thought them the bodies of murdered travellers.—No ; whenever such an event as that happens, a bandit will not encumber his dwelling with such unprofitable lumber ; a wolf, man, is an excellent sepulchre, and the air of the forest much sweeter than this cave, which though the last place of many honest fellows, does not emit a very pleasant perfume ; therefore we will leave them to their dreamless repose, and show you to a more convenient lodging.”

So saying, he drew the bolts, and

crossing the passage, entered a larger cavern, where there were several pallets ranged side by side, and looked not much unlike the biers they had just left.

Ferdinand gazed upon them a minute, then said, "we need fear no interruption here?"

"None, my lord, the band are all retired to their home; it threatens a storm, and no expedition will take place to night. What provisions you may have occasion for, you may safely venture to the outer cavern to fetch; I will take care to be the first here to-morrow."

Then, turning to his brother, he shook his hand, as he said, "thou wert ever a faint-hearted fellow, Henri; by heaven I shall think thee some wench in disguise, if I do not see another colour in thy face to-morrow: for shame, man, for shame, thou art

not my brother, if one drop of coward's blood lurks in thy veins." Then, bowing to Ferdinand, he gave the lamp to Henri, and in a few minutes the echo of his heavy steps died away in the distance.

Ferdinand, after ascertaining that their door was unfastened outwardly, drew a ponderous bolt, which secured it on the inside, and threw himself upon a pallet, to ruminate upon his present situation, and the promises of the bandit. The fears of Henri, overcoming his habitual difference to his master, he threw himself upon the couch nearest him, wishing, yet scarce daring, to begin a conversation.

It was not long before the storm, mentioned by Roberto, raged with uncommon fury, and the awful rolling of the thunder was most terrifically echoed by the various hollows of the caverns with which they were sur-

rounded, and Henri, unable any longer to keep silence, with a deep sigh exclaimed—"Holy St. Dennis, I never heard any thing so dreadful; I have heard, my lord, that storms are caused by the souls of the sinners conveying to purgatory, flying from the presence of the angels of the Lord; does your lordship think it is true?"

"Really, Henri (replied the Marquis, smiling) I am not sufficiently learned to answer your question, but I should suppose it a mere matter of supposition; you may think as you please upon the subject."

"Well, Heaven rest them, if it is so; I hope Roberto has found a shelter."

"No doubt but he has, and I hope Genevieve will receive my note; but he seems such an enemy to aught in a

female form, that I almost fear he will not condescend to approach her."

"If Roberto hates a woman, my lord, he has just 'cause; a woman ruined him, and drove him to the desperate life he now leads; before that event took place there was no young man in the valley more industrious, and more respected than Roberto D'Arcy.— If your lordship pleases I will tell you his little history, it may serve to pass away the time, for I am sure till the storm abates we cannot sleep."

Ferdinand gave his assent to the proposal, and Henri continued—

"Your lordship has seen the cottage in which he was born, and know that our father is an humble vine-dresser. His family was numerous, but they all died young except Ro-

berto, who was the eldest child, and myself the younger.

“ As Roberto grew up to manhood, his industry and prudence enabled his parents to live with a degree of comfort hitherto unknown to them; his generosity and kindness was extolled by all, added to which, his sense and information were so superior to all around him, that his advice in every difficult proceeding was requested; he was looked up to as an oracle, and his conduct proposed as a pattern to all. Thus was he situated when he attained the age of twenty, and this fair prospect was all blighted and changed to misery, and guilt, by a woman.

“ About this time he first noticed Madelon, the only child of a neighbouring peasant. Roberto was the handsomest youth in the valley, and Madelon, a rural coquette, endea-

voured to attract his attention, and it was scarcely possible for such charms as this wild flower of nature possessed to fail, for even to this hour 'as handsome as Madelon' is constantly used to express superior beauty. Her sparkling hazle eyes gave animation to a face whose every feature was loveliness itself; a profusion of glossy auburn hair curled in natural ringlets around a forehead and bosom, over whose transparent whiteness the sun seemed to possess no power, neither had labour spoiled the delicacy of her hands and arms, or destroyed the symmetry of her fine turned form.—Such as she was, Roberto loved her with a passion almost amounting to idolatry, and his passion was apparently repaid with interest. After near a twelvemonth's courtship she consented to become his wife, and the day was fixed for their nuptials; when

one evening, in their way homeward from the vineyard (where together they pursued their daily toil) Madelon, in sportive gaiety, ran forward and crossed the public road which led through the valley, just as two gentlemen, attended by their servants, were hastily passing at a quick pace. Madelon sprung so suddenly from a thicket, before she was perceived, that she must have been seriously injured by the horses, had not the strangers very skilfully reined in their steeds, and wheeled about. Madelon screamed, and fell through fright ; her cries instantly brought Roberto to her assistance ; he raised her in his arms, and in the tenderest manner enquired if she was hurt. The strangers gazed at them in silence, but their looks unequivocally declared their surprize and admiration of Madelon's loveliness.

“ At length, after whispering each other, they approached Roberto, and enquired if he could direct them to any place where they could be accommodated for the night, as they were fatigued, and wished to proceed no farther. There was no public house of entertainment for some miles, but the rights of hospitality are scrupulously observed in the valley, and the shelter of a cottage was immediately offered, and eagerly accepted.

“ My father's cottage was small, and his family numerous. Madelon was an only child, and their accommodations much superior, therefore they instantly preceded the strangers thither, where they were received with courtesy by the old people. But the extreme attention the strangers seemed disposed to pay Madelon created an uneasy sensation in the heart of Roberto, and as he

walked homeward, he felt that, for the first time in his life, he was infected with the baneful passion of jealousy. Early the next morning, he (as usual) in his way to the vineyard, called at the cottage for Madelon; but was informed by her mother that the youngest stranger, the Marquis de Montreal, was indisposed, and Madelon was to remain at home to attend him. Too angry to express his astonishment, Roberto turned in silence from the door; yet work was irksome to him, the day past heavily, uncheared by the smile and song of Madelon, and when evening returned, he again called at the cottage, and saw his betrothed bride for a few minutes; but she appeared so occupied with her attendance on the invalid, that he remained there only a short time.

“ A week past away, the Marquis

was still confined to his chamber, and Madelon his attendant (the other stranger had pursued his journey) when one evening, for the first time since her seclusion, Roberto found Madelon alone in a little arbour in the garden; she was more dressed than usual, and her beautiful hair was confined in a knot at the back of her head with a bouquet of fresh gathered roses. Roberto gazed at her for several minutes in silence, her bewitching beauty calmed in an instant the tumult of his soul, and he forgot what he meant to complain of, in the transport of again beholding her: placing himself by her side, and throwing one arm round her waist, he seized both her hands with his other, and gazed so stedfastly in her face, that blushing, she enquired if he saw any thing unusual there. He replied, in terms of unbounded love and admi-

ration, concluding with asking her why she was so adorned, and what had induced her to dress her head in a manner so unusual with her? The tint of her cheeks rivalled the ruby of her lip, as she replied, ‘ the Marquis de Montreal had himself ornamented her head to his own fancy.’

“ Ever impetuous, Roberto, in a transport of jealous rage snatched the flowers from her hair, and tore them in pieces. Madelon uttered a scream as she beheld the destruction of her ornaments, and the Marquis appearing that instant at the entrance of the harbour, she flew to him bathed in tears, and he clasped his arms around her to support her. Roberto immediately endeavoured to take her from him, but the Marquis haughtily resisting his attempt ; Roberto, with one blow of his nervous arm, felled him to the ground ; then seizing Madelon, he

bore her trembling and unresisting into the house, where he found that the old couple highly disapproved of his behaviour; for with many exclamations of anger and reproach, they hastened to the assistance of the Marquis, and Madelon remaining sullenly silent, he left her, and went home in a state of mind bordering on distraction, as he plainly saw that Madelon's heart was wavering, if not lost to him for ever: but the following morning brought his misery to a climax, as he learnt that Madelon was fled with the Marquis. He hastened to the cottage, but was received by her parents with reproaches, as they avowed that his violence had caused the desertion of their child.

“ By the reports of some peasants, he learnt that the fugitives had taken the road to Paris; thither he followed them on foot, and arrived in that ca-

pital, haggard with excessive fatigue, pennyless, and heart-broken, but with his mind fully bent upon revenge. For several days he wandered about the streets in search of his injurers, subsisting upon the alms which are daily distributed at the gates of the different convents. He was one day amidst a crowd of needy wretches, waiting for his portion, when a superb equipage drove furiously along ; he, like the rest, made way for it, but in doing so, accidentally raising his eyes, he beheld within the carriage, Madelon ; but so sumptuously dressed, that had not her features been engraven on his heart, he would never have recognized the simple cottage maid beneath the blaze of jewels which now adorned her. By her side sat the triumphant Marquis, playing with her fan, which she was

sportively endeavouring to recover as the carriage past.

“ With the lightning’s speed, Roberto flew after the vehicle : it stopped at the door of a magnificent hotel, and they had just alighted and ascended a lofty marble staircase as Roberto arrived at the door ; the domestic had left the hall, and unseen he followed their steps. Madelon, with an affected air of languor, had thrown herself upon a sofa, raising her eyes as she beheld Roberto enter the saloon. She started up and would have fled ; but terror and surprize appeared to paralyze her frame, and she stood gazing upon him in silence, whilst the Marquis advancing towards him, bade him begone, or expect the chastisement his presumption demanded. Roberto, with a glance of contempt, pushed him aside, and proceeded towards

Madelon, who, shrinking from him, fell upon the sofa, and covered her face with her hands. The Marquis then, in a paroxysm of rage, drew a stiletto from his side, and rushed upon the unarmed intruder. Roberto, animated both by rage and revenge, grappled with him, wrenched the weapon from his grasp, and plunged it to the hilt in the heart of his antagonist. The Marquis fell at his feet, and with a heavy groan expired.— Roberto gazed on him in silence for a few minutes, and his horror and remorse were as acute as that of the first murderer; then siezing Madelon by the arm, he said—

“ ‘ Woman ! behold the issue of thy perfidy : but come, return with me to thy sorrowing parents, and they may forgive thee, though I never can.’ ”

“ He raised her in his arms, to force her from the room, but with the

strength of frantic despair she slid from his hold, and throwing herself upon the body, held it with the grasp of desperation, as she exclaimed—
 ‘ We will not be separated ! Wretch, talk not of my parents, their presence would be my curse.—Montreal ! Montreal ! arise and revenge thy wrongs ;’ but his hand, which she had siezed, fell as she relinquished her hold nerveless by her side. That he was really dead then first rushed upon her mind, and, with a scream of agony and despair, she fell senseless upon the body.

“ Roberto cast one last lingering look upon that face whose beauty had hurried him into crime, then rushed from the saloon, and out of the hotel without being molested, and travelled back to his native valley. His haggard looks, and unwonted silence, told a tale of woe ; but no one dared to question him, and the dreadful event

of his journey was not even surmised, till one night his father's cottage was surrounded by the officers of justice.

“ Madelon had denounced him as the murderer of the Marquis, but, leaping from a window, he eluded their pursuit, and fled to these mountains, where he joined the roving band that infest their fastnesses. Ten years have elapsed since that time, and once only has he seen his parents, but that solitary visit renewed their grief: they weep for his present way of life, yet know that on no other terms can his existence be preserved, as in the world justice would quickly overtake him for the murder of Montreal.”

“ Yet (replied Ferdinand) there he was as much to be pitied as blamed; what became of the unhappy girl?”

“ After the death of the Marquis, she assumed his name; but shortly

formed other connections, by which she is supported in affluence ; and in the city of Paris there is no woman more beautiful, more brilliant, nor more despicable than the once innocent Madelon."

CHAP. IV.

“ Full were the rites of horror and despair ;
In some dark spell, not holy vow
They bound me,”

MATURIN.

WHEN Genevieve recovered her senses, she found herself lying upon her pallet ; all was dark, but some person stood by her side, who had evidently been endeavouring to restore her to life. Supposing it the captain of the bandits, with a faint shriek she shrunk from his supporting arm, when a deep toned voice, exclaimed—

“ Silence, lady, or we are undone.”

“ Who are you ?” she enquired.

“ The friend you were to expect
(replied the voice) rise and follow me.”

The past instantly rushed clearly upon her mind, and in tones of the deepest anguish she said, "Oh leave me, leave me, you are too late."

"Not too late (replied the voice) to save your innocence, your honour, that you have your own free will to preserve. I intended to have seen you earlier, but events are in the hand of Providence alone."

Surprized at such a remark, she said, "Are you a bandit?"

"I am."

"Where is the Marquis D'Uxelles?"

"Waiting for us at a short distance; but the dawn draws on apace, the dreadful event which last night—I mean, lady, we have no time to lose; decide to go with me, or remain here—I can no longer delay."

Genevieve leaped hastily from her pallet, but her limbs trembled so she

was near falling, and the stranger taking her hand, led her from her prison, the door of which he again carefully fastened. By the pale glimmer of the fading stars she could just perceive that her conductor was tall and athletic; his features it was still too dark to discriminate with accuracy. He led her across the space before the caverns, and wound up the steep path that she well remembered to have descended when brought thither;—they proceeded in silence till they came to a spot where the rock appeared to have been rent away by some convulsion of nature, leaving a path scarcely broader than a man's hand for several feet. They paused, and her guide, taking from a cleft of the rock a plank, laid it across the chasm, and upon this frail bridge they crossed the abyss; then placing it on his shoulder, the bandit bore it to the

summit, when he laid it on the grass, and they proceeded.

Genevieve then said, "You will want that, I suppose, to assist your return?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply, and they still proceeded onward.

"I do not remember (she added) to have seen that breach in the rock when I descended it."

"No; (he replied) it was rent last night by the tempest; it has occasioned many heart-aches, but a woman was the instigator of that too.—Had a woman never entered the caverns, happiness might still have dwelt there."

The tone in which this was spoke was so harsh and bitter, that Genevieve dared not reply, suspecting that it was to herself he alluded: she followed in silence the gigantic strides of her deliverer, till her strength

failing, she was compelled to request his halting for a few minutes.

“ We have not much farther to go,” was the reply—and he still proceeded. Genevieve, faint and exhausted, answered not, her heart seemed bursting, and a passionate flood of tears coming to her relief, happily saved her from insensibility ; her harsh friend appeared touched by her distress, and turning round, said—

“ Forgive me, lady, I am not much used to the converse of your sex. I forgot whom I was conducting, for the events of this night have lacerated more hearts than your own ; but no matter, take my arm, and in a few minutes I shall relinquish my trust.”

Genevieve passed her hand through the offered arm, but to her surprise she felt it tremble as much as her own, and she pitied feelings, whether of remorse or anguish, that could

thus unnerve a form so muscular and firmly built. As they had now reached the level ground, their forms by the grey light of the dawning morning were clearly discernable, and two men bursting from a thicket approached them. Genevieve alarmed, clung to her protector, but the voice of Ferdinand filled her whole soul with delight, and she flew into his expanded arms. For a few moments her terrors and fatigue were buried in oblivion, and the joy of this meeting occupied their attention, but as soon as their transport subsided, they both looked round to thank their benefactor, but he was gone, and Henri had been so occupied in rejoicing at his master's happiness, that he had not even observed his departure.

“ Noble, unfortunate being (said Ferdinand) I was to blame ; I might have reflected that our meeting would

revive the remembrance of circumstances that ought, for his peace, to be buried in oblivion; but though he now shuns me, he shall one day experience my gratitude. Dearest Genevieve (he continued) taking her hand, can you walk much further; we have still some way to go before we can reach the chateau, where the Countess is anxiously expecting us."

Genevieve, who in her excess of happiness at beholding Ferdinand, had forgot the past, now as he held her hand in his, felt the pressure of her wedding ring; a cold chill ran through her veins, and hastily snatching her hand away, she mentally ejaculated, "I am the wife of another!" The recollection gave her such excruciating agony, that she groaned with mental anguish.

"Merciful powers! (exclaimed

Ferdinand) you are ill, dearest Genevieve, very ill."

"No, (she faintly replied) only fatigued; let us hasten to the chateau."—She then took his offered arm, and Henri supporting her on the other side, they slowly proceeded, but were often obliged to rest; and though Roberto had as clearly as possible explained their route, they often deviated from their path, but these obstacles would by Ferdinand only have been felt for Genevieve, had not her altered behaviour, tears and abstraction wrung his heart, with fears for himself. It was almost mid-day when they reached the chateau, and the moment they entered it, the domestics crowded around to welcome their beloved young lady again to her home; but the agony, not to say horror, which clouded her face, damped their

joy, and they gazed upon her with surprise.

Genevieve, without daring to look at Ferdinand, withdrew herself from his supporting arm, and faltering out her wish to be permitted to meet her grand-mother alone, instantly left the hall, leaning upon her favourite maid.

The obsequious servants now crowded around the Marquis, and conducted him to the apartments he had before occupied, but notwithstanding his previous fatigue, he could not rest—the strangeness of Genevieve's manner, her averted looks, and the deadly paleness of her countenance, could not be ascribed to indisposition alone. He felt that he had some tale of horror to hear, and imagination, ever busy to conjecture the worst, harassed him with almost unheard of misery.

Genevieve, when she quitted the

hall, went instantly to the apartment of the Countess, who uttered a scream of joy when she beheld her; but the agony with which her beloved child clung to her, the tears which she shed, and the death-like paleness of her countenance, banished her transports and awakened her maternal fears.— Dismissing the attendants, she besought Genevieve to explain the cause of her dreadful agitation, and relate what had happened to her during her enforced absence.

Genevieve, unable to articulate, extended towards her grand-mother the hand upon which still remained the fatal ring, the pledge of her forced nuptials. As soon as it met the eye of the Countess, her cheeks were blanched as pale as those of her unfortunate grand-child, and with a faltering voice, she exclaimed—

“ Is it possible—has then the Mar-

quis D'Uxelles deceived me, and enticed my once obedient child to forget her duty."

"Oh, no! (replied the weeping Genevieve) would to heaven it was the Marquis, but we are now irrevocably separated; and you, my dear grand-mother, must send him hence—for though now another's, I cannot yet teach my heart the lesson of forgetfulness."

She then gave a succinct account of what had befallen her during her absence, and with horror too great for speech, the Countess learnt that her beloved child, the heiress, and only descendant of two noble families, was the wife of a bandit, the son of one of her own menials. Genevieve had scarce strength to finish her tale before she was attacked with repeated fainting fits, caused by excessive emotion. The Countess

taking the ring from the hand of the insensible bride, summoned her attendants, and the family physician, who declared her illness the offspring of agitation, and that nothing but restored tranquillity could preserve her life. The Countess listened, with tears, for under such circumstances, peace she well knew had fled the sufferer for ever; but recollecting the Marquis, she sent to request an interview in an adjoining apartment.

Ferdinand readily obeyed her summons, but the moment they met, her countenance told him his worst fears were confirmed, and, dropping upon a seat, he remained gazing upon her unable to speak, whilst the silence was only broken by the heavy sobs of the Countess. At length he faintly enquired for Genevieve.

“ She is ill, and insensible (she replied) and that she may never reco-

ver to a recollection of her dreadful fate, ought to be our joint wish, Marquis, were not our affection for her too earthly to be devoid of selfishness."

Ferdinand gazed her upon with astonishment, as in as few words as possible she related the painful tale, concluding by repeating Genevieve's wish, that he would quit the chateau immediately, as she dare not again venture to see him. The story, fatal as it was to his hopes, was yet not so direful as his apprehensions had been, for that the ceremony had actually taken place had never entered his imagination : as he had supposed the case, she would have been removed from her solitary cell, and escape rendered impossible ; but now the hopes that the chain, which at present separated them, might one day be broken, enabled him to bear the tidings with

more calmness than the Countess had expected, he replied—

“ And Genevieve banishes me her presence—bids me depart—that Genevieve who this morning flew to my arms with such transport.”

“ The circumstance of her escape (said the Countess) might for a moment have made her forgetful of her vow ; but this symbol (shewing the ring) is sacred, unless we can prove that the ceremony was performed by one not entitled to bestow so sacred a benediction.”

Roberto instantly glanced across the mind of Ferdinand, and he replied, “ be that discovery my care ; yet did I understand you rightly—Who is the husband ? the captain of the bandits, and the brother of Jannetta !” His eyes fell as he pronounced the last word, but without noticing his confusion, the Countess

replied in the affirmative. Ferdinand then related his encounter with Roberto, and his determination of again exploring the forest in search of him, and by an appeal to his native benevolence, endeavour to discover the name of the priest, if not learn the whole truth of the transaction—"though (he added) should I fail, Genevieve will not surely persist in thinking a mere enforced ceremony binding."

The Countess rose with dignity, saying, "for the feelings of a lover, my lord, I can allow much, but I would not willingly hear any thing that would lower the Marquis D'Uxelles in my esteem; should Genevieve de Castro ever again meet a husband at the altar, it must be with the fullest conviction, that no other has the least claim to the vows there pledged. At present (humiliating as is the acknow-

ledgment even to myself) she is the wife of a bandit, and should not death shortly release her from his power, her forced engagement must be strictly observed, although to avoid his presence, she will quit even her country."

So saying, the Countess retired, and Ferdinand returned to his own apartment, where he gave the faithful and attached Henri a full account of their interview: he fully coincided with his master in opinion that Roberto would clear their difficulties, and obtained permission to attend him upon his intended excursion. With difficulty Henri prevailed upon his master to take a few hours repose, but with the dawn of the following morning they quitted the chateau, and sought amidst the rocky fastnesses of the Pyrenees, the wild horde that infested its rugged paths; but in vain was their

search, during the day, no human being met their eye, or human voice struck upon their ear; they followed (as near as they could guess) the track they had taken homeward with Genevieve, but they had been stationed by Roberto at a sufficient distance from the entrance of the bandits retreat, to prevent their discovering it.

Genevieve had mentioned a chasm on the brow of a precipice, and they mounted every rock and precipice that was practicable, in search of it, but without success; woods, rocks, precipices and defiles followed in such quick succession, and with such similarity of aspect, that it was almost impossible for any one not reared in their seclusion to distinguish their different features, and even Henri, who was acquainted with many features of the scenery, was bewildered in

their mazes. Night drew on, and they found themselves near the borders of the valley, where dwelt Henri's father; fatigued and faint for want of food, they repaired thither for refreshment and repose. The old people welcomed them with their usual cordiality; but Henri (by his master's desire) avoided the mention of Roberto, though, as if by chance, he enquired after Justin, and learnt that he and Suzette were at their cottage, but Janetta was still absent.

After recruiting their strength by a few hours rest, Ferdinand liberally rewarded the cottagers, and they renewed their ramble, taking, as they supposed, the track they had followed when they met with Roberto, hoping to find their way to the cavern in which they had passed a night under his protection. It was early in the morning when they left the cottage,

and they wandered till evening without success ; when Henri discovered a small hut, now deserted, and falling to ruin, which had been the abode either of a hermit or a hunter, and in which he conjured his master to remain during the night. Ferdinand consented to stay there a few hours, and Henri gathering some dried leaves, made them a bed to repose on, and a bottle of wine and some dried grapes, which he had brought from his father's, served for their repast. The loud yelling of the wolves around their frail dwelling, banished all inclination to sleep ; and as soon as silence proclaimed them retired to their dens, and the morn's approach, although still dark, Ferdinand and his servant left the hut, and just as the morning dawned they discovered the thicket which they knew led to the cave they were in search of. Ferdinand hastily

pressed through the bushes, but what was his surprise to find the mouth of the cave completely filled up with earth, and pieces of rock, so as to prevent an entrance. Henri, who had followed the steps of his master, stood gazing in silent astonishment.

“What can this mean?” said Ferdinand.

“That the band has deserted the cave, my lord; let us endeavour to retrace our way to the Chateau D’Humeires.”

“No, this is only a feint of your brother’s; he knew that I should seek him here, but I am not so easily imposed on; assist me to remove these stones, and force an entrance.”

“Pray, my lord, be advised; should any of the band arrive whilst we are so occupied, we should have reason to repent our morning’s work.”

“Coward! assist me instantly, I

fear them not, but will proceed in my intentions, should the whole band appear, with their detested captain at their head."

So saying, Ferdinand stooped, and applied his whole strength to a huge fragment which lay at the entrance, when a deep sonorous voice sounding, as if from the bosom of the rock, exclaimed—

"Rash man, desist, nor disturb the repose of the dead."—With the utmost speed Henri flew through the thicket, and fell almost senseless with affright on the other side. Ferdinand paused for a moment, then drawing his sword, rushed through the thicket, but not seeing any person, scrambled up the rock which contained the cavern, but no human being met his eye. The thicket, the low ground around, the rock, and every place capable of concealment, he alike ex-

plored ; but though the day was now breaking in faint streaks along the eastern horizon, and the light was strong enough to discern objects at some distance, all was still, neither motion nor noise disturbed the breathless silence of nature, which a fine still morning spread all around. The lawless inhabitants of the woods were retired to their dens, the birds had not yet sung their matin song of thankfulness to their creator, and man “the chartered savage,” had not yet left his dwelling. Irritated and impatient, he returned to Henri, who had risen from the ground, and stood watching his approach, the pale spectre of fear. To Ferdinand’s enquiry, if he had seen any person, he replied in the negative.

“ Nevertheless (said the Marquis) I am resolved to proceed in my search ;” and he would again have

pressed through the thicket, had not Henri clung around him, and with prayers, and almost tears, besought him to desist in an attempt which he was convinced was attended with much danger, and totally useless, as it was not to be supposed Roberto was concealed within a blockaded cavern, which themselves knew had no other outlet.

This representation prevailed on Ferdinand to desist, and sheathing his sword, he left the cavern, and again wandered through the forest, but without making any discovery of the bandits retreat ; and with joy Henri discovered the setting sun glisten on the gilded pinnacles of the Chateau D'Humeires.

“ Thank heaven ! (he ejaculated) I wonder how the Lady Genevieve is ? ”

“ Genevieve (repeated Ferdinand) what said you of Genevieve ? ”

“ I was only hoping, my lord, that she was recovered ; and yonder is the chateau, if your lordship wishes to be informed ?”

“ True, my good fellow, let us hasten thither,” said Ferdinand, and to the great delight of his servant, turned his steps towards it, and quickly pursuing the path, which soon became the level road to the chateau, they, before the sun was sunk totally beneath the horizon, entered its magnificent portals.

The Countess was in the chamber of Genevieve, who remained much the same, and the Marquis retired to his own apartment, after sending a message to the Countess to inform her that he had hitherto been unsuccessful in his search. As he had borne much fatigue both in body and mind, during the last two days, he retired to bed at an early hour, and dismissed his

servant, but he was awoke a little after day-break by Henri.

“Why have you disturbed me so early (he enquired) is Genevieve worse?”

“No, my lord, but something extraordinary has occurred during the night, and the Countess wishes to see you immediately.”

As hastily as possible, Ferdinand endeavoured to obey her mandate, but was much surprized at entering her apartment to behold her pale and bathed in tears, with an open letter in her hand. His hasty enquiry for Genevieve was answered by the intelligence, that since her faintings had left her, she continued in a state of melancholy abstraction, that caused a doubt whether her indisposition would not terminate in a settled derangement of her intellects. He had scarcely recovered from the shock

this information had given him, before the Countess presented him with the letter she held in her hand, and he hastily ran his eye over the following lines—"Although the heiress of the Countess D'Humieres has withdrawn herself from the protection of her husband, she is not to suppose she is emancipated from his power; he could with a breath recall her, but in consideration of her peculiar timidity of disposition, and her present illness, he permits her for a time to remain with her grand-mother; circumstances must determine the duration of this permission. — Ferdinand, Marquis D'Uxelles must instantly quit the chateau. Genevieve is the wife of one who will not tamely behold his rights infringed. If this mandate is not obeyed before night—ere to-morrow's dawn Genevieve will be removed to a place where she will be

allowed the society of her husband alone."

When Ferdinand had concluded it, the Countess said—"This scroll, my lord, I found about an hour since upon the pillow of my sleeping child; I had not long left her and retired to my own apartment; anxiety prevented me from taking any repose, and I softly stole back to see if any change had taken place during my absence. She was still sleeping, and her attendants likewise; but this paper was lying upon her pillow. I have closely interrogated her attendants, and they all profess a total ignorance of how it came there, and their evident surprise and known attachment to my family, incline me to believe them."

Ferdinand returned the Countess the scroll, saying, "it is most extra-

ordinary, but is your ladyship sure no stranger entered her room during your absence ?”

“ Most certain, I was not absent more than a quarter of an hour ; and no one (except a domestic) could have obtained admission to her apartment. I am thus placed in the power of some invisible enemy, that can in an instant destroy the small portion of happiness that remains to me ; but your lordship perceives the mandate the letter contains, it grieves me to turn the deliverer of my child from the shelter of my roof, but you see the alternative, the deprivation of that loved child’s presence.”

“ I will instantly (replied Ferdinand, with animation) release you from all fears upon that account, to contribute to Genevieve’s happiness ; I will banish myself from her pre-

sence—let me but once more behold her, and I will quit for ever a place that has been so fatal to my peace.”

To this request the Countess at first gave a decided negative, but at length, moved by his earnest intreaties, she consented to allow him a last view of her changed features, if she still slept; but added, if she were awake, nothing should prevail upon her to grant an interview which might be fatal to the intellects or life of her child.”—She then left the room to ascertain if Genevieve still slumbered, and returning in a few minutes, she beckoned Ferdinand to follow her, which he did, without speaking, to the chamber of the unfortunate bride. The satin curtains of her bed were drawn back, and only thin muslin ones shaded her from his view; her face was pale as the cambric on which it reposed, and she looked indeed “a blighted lily on its

icy bed!" one fair hand lay upon the pale blue satin coverlet, and resembled the polished marble limb of a statue. Ferdinand knelt, and putting aside the muslin, pressed the cold hand to his lips, but the Countess, fearing Genevieve might awake, instantly forced him from the apartment.—Every thing was soon prepared for his departure, and before noon Ferdinand quitted the chateau which contained all that was now dear to him, and took the road to Paris, where he arrived in perfect safety.

The dawning terrors of the Revolution now called every loyal hand and heart to the defence of their injured sovereign, and D'Uxelles, who inherited loyalty and true patriotism from a long illustrious line of ancestry, hastened to offer his feeble aid to oppose a torrent which the event proved to be irresistible; and various

and distressing were the scenes he was engaged in, before he again met the loved and regretted inhabitants of the Pyrenees.

For several weeks after the departure of the Marquis, the health of Genevieve remained in a very precarious state: at length her youth, and a naturally fine constitution (not enervated by dissipation) triumphed over a malady whose seat was the mind, and the Countess with rapture beheld the hue of the rose again begin to tincture the lily of her cheek;—her convalescence approached by slow degrees, and a languid melancholy had taken such firm possession of her mind, that it was many months before a smile was seen to mantle on her cheek. The Countess beheld with agony this “slow consuming sorrow,” blighting so fair a bud, even in its

earliest bloom, and endeavoured, by conversation and various amusements, to turn the current of her thoughts; but in vain were her cares—Genevieve had lost that inward peace which can alone render amusement delightful: she was wearied, not delighted, by the entertainments devised for her, and often retired in silence from the festive scene, to indulge in the “luxury of grief” in her own apartments.

The suite appropriated to her use opened upon a terrace, which ran along the whole length of one side of the chateau. This terrace, and the long range of rooms which opened upon it, were sacred to her own use and that of her domestics;—even the Countess was a visitor when she entered them—for Genevieve’s immense fortune intitled her to a separate establishment of her own, although her

extreme youth made a residence with her grandmother not only proper, but desirable.

She had one evening retired to a saloon, whose windows, reaching to the ground, opened upon the centre of the terrace ; a profusion of rare exotics (of which she was remarkably fond) decorated every window, both within and without : the evening was uncommonly warm, and the windows thrown open to admit the air ; Genevieve placed a seat without one of them, in the midst of the flowers, and sat to inhale their fragrance, rendered more pungent by the evening breeze ; a little marmoset, of which she was extremely fond, gamboled backward and forward on the terrace, as far as its chain would permit, endeavouring, by his tricks, to obtain the caresses of his mistress, but his sportiveness was unheeded by Genevieve,

her soft blue eyes were fixed upon the distant landscape, but her thoughts wandered far beyond. Paris and D'Uxelles rose to her remembrance, mingled with that of Jaques, Janetta, and the midnight marriage, which separated her from Ferdinand for ever ; —but these recollections, tormenting as they were, possessed not the bitterness which the dread of the future conveyed to her heart, should Jaques claim her as his wife, and in the face of the world avow the disgraceful alliance.

The thought was agony, and the tears gushed in torrents from her eyes, as, clasping her hands, she emphatically exclaimed, “ Oh, that I may lie cold in my grave before that hour arrives ! ” — Raising her head as she spoke, she beheld standing before her, in the garb of a bandit, a tall figure attentively observing her ; —the shades

of the evening, and her eyes being obscured with tears, prevented her recognizing him ; but supposing him to be the object of her thoughts, she uttered a piercing scream, though without power to move from her seat and avoid him ; her scream apparently aroused him from a deep reverie, for starting, he advanced towards her and dropped a folded paper close to her feet—then vanished in an instant over the palisades, which skirted the terrace.

Her cries had alarmed the Countess, who now entered with several attendants, and approached her grandchild. Genevieve was too agitated to articulate, but she pointed to the paper, and the Countess, surmising that something extraordinary had taken place, put it in her pocket, without any remark, and then leading her into another apartment, dismissed the attend-

ants, and requested to know what had alarmed her so as to cause her to scream.

Genevieve related the appearance of the bandit, and his method of escape, in which, indeed, there was nothing extraordinary, as the terrace overlooked the grounds of the chateau, which in many places were open to the forest;—the Countess then took the paper from her pocket, and presented it to Genevieve, who tremblingly unfolded it, and read the following lines:—

“ If change of air is necessary to the restoration of the health of Genevieve D'Aubois, she is permitted to repair to Italy for renovation—the interior of France is by her husband's mandate strictly interdicted.”

The glow of offended pride and wounded dignity crimsoned the cheek of Genevieve as she repeated—“ Ge-

nevieve D'Aubois! Oh, no! never, never will I be known by that humiliating appellation; I will throw myself at the feet of my King; I will perish e'er I will submit to such contumely!"—and in a paroxysm of anger she tore the billet into atoms.

The Countess endeavoured to soothe her irritated feelings, and to convince her that she would be farther removed from the power of the bandit in Italy, than in the chateau of the Pyrenees, and that appealing to the King was useless, as daily intelligence proved to them that so far from being able to succour others, he would soon want an asylum himself. Genevieve offered no opposition to her reasoning, but when the first burst of indignation was subsided, her naturally mild spirit sunk below its usual level, and she beheld the preparations the Countess immediately commenced for their

journey, with inanity and hopeless despondence.

In a few weeks all was in readiness, and Genevieve reluctantly left the chateau, to travel in search of peace and health ; but with a feeling not unlike pleasure she beheld the rugged summits of the Pyrenees slowly receding from her view, without her again encountering any member of the mountain band. It was the intention of the Countess to travel leisurely, and seek for amusement in every place likely to afford it. She made a tour of the coast before she quitted France, staying for some time both at Montpellier and Marseilles ; then proceeded to Genoa, where she remained for some time to recruit from the fatigue of crossing the Alps, and their long journey. Here they remained till the carnival of Venice approaching, the Countess thought

the novelty and variety of the scene might dispel the melancholy which still hovered over Genevieve; and removing to that city of luxury and pleasure, she hired a superb mansion, and endeavoured to prevail on her grandchild to mix with the nobility, who, attracted by their rank and fortune, sought their acquaintance.

The marriage of Genevieve with the bandit had, from motives of pride, been carefully concealed, even from the knowledge of her own domestics, and her resplendent beauty, rendered even more interesting by the air of pensiveness which shaded it, soon obtained her numberless admirers,—the most conspicuous of whom were the Duca de Sebastina and the Count de Tolly, both men of immense fortunes and noble birth, but diametrically opposite both in their persons and dispositions. The Duca, a Spaniard by

birth, although his title was softened by Italian pronunciation, possessed much of the pride and grandeur of soul inherent in a Spanish grandee, although travel had banished his national prejudices, and rendered him in air and manner a native of Italy rather than of Spain; his figure was tall, dignified, and robust; his face animated, expressive, and glowing with intelligence and manly beauty; his country had not as yet required his aid, but in every movement of his fine-turned form, and in every glance of his piercing dark eye, might be read the soul of a hero, and a mind incapable of deceit. With such an exterior, he had hitherto possessed a heart insensible of the softer passions, although numberless were the Venetian dames that sighed for the possession of so rich a prize—and, as prudery is not the vice of Venice, many of them

had not scrupled to make him acquainted with their inclinations ;—but their advances were in vain — and till he beheld Genevieve, the Duca imagined the lovely being his fancy had formed existed only in his imagination, but in her he beheld even fancy's self surpassed, and he immediately devoted himself to her with all the ardour of youth, and a first passion.

The Count, a Frenchman by birth, and insinuating, appeared to live but for the fair sex, to whom all his time and attention were apparently devoted ; a moralist in precept, but a libertine in principle, with a heart more resolute and depraved, than the most skilful disciple of Lavater could possibly imagine to exist beneath so soft an exterior. Gifted by nature with immoderate ambition, yet without brilliant talents, he was ever upon the watch to place himself as the most

prominent feature in the picture, and as the beauty and fortune of the fashionable heiress of Gascony was now the theme in Venice, he endeavoured, by getting introduced to her, and appearing devoted to her alone, to share the attention she universally excited ; but Genevieve invariably preferred the conversation of the Duca, and she almost thought herself ungrateful to the Count for his attentions, as her heart (she knew not why) felt a repugnance she could not conquer to receive his civilities, although they were apparently disinterested ; for friendship, not love, was his theme.

When the carnival commenced, Venice was crowded to excess, and even Genevieve began to enjoy the universal gaiety ; when one evening she was prevailed upon to put on her mask, and accompany a party to St. Mark's Place, from whence they were

to retire to a cassino of the Duca's. The crowd, the variety of grotesque figures, and the novelty of the scene appeared like enchantment, or the delusions of fairy land, to Genevieve, accustomed as she had been from her infancy to the secluded scenes of the Pyrenees, and she gazed around her with an unusual appearance of interest and enjoyment, when her attention was suddenly arrested by a voice immediately behind her, exclaiming—"that is the wife of Jaques D'Au-bois!"

Convinced that herself was meant, she turned hastily round, but no one was near her (except a female, masked and attired as a Savoyard, with a band of men in the same costume.) They appeared not to be observing her, but instantly beginning one of their national airs, the crowd flocked around to listen to the voice of the

female, which possessed the most exquisite sweetness, though unadorned by cultivation.

The Duca, upon whose arm Genevieve was leaning, perceiving her tremble, anxiously turned towards her, and was shocked at perceiving her pale as death, and every feature betraying the most exquisite mental agony ; he had not heard the words that had so alarmed her, or if he had, could not have surmised that they alluded to her, and he tenderly enquired the cause of her excessive agitation ; she falteringly expressed herself much fatigued, and requested that they might instantly repair to the cassino. The Duca looked at her incredulously, then glanced around to discover, if possible, the cause of her emotion, but no object of suspicion met his eye ; yet his heart felt a pang, for jealousy whispered to him, that

the unexpected recollection of a loved and regretted object could alone have so violently agitated the usually serene and pensive Genevieve; but stifling his own feelings, he breathed a half smothered sigh as he attentively led her to the cassino, where the Countess perceived the apparent indisposition of her child, and would instantly have returned home, had not Genevieve, (confused at the notice she excited) with an exertion of fortitude, compelled herself to appear cheerful; but while a smile played upon her lip, to a penetrating observer the contraction of her brow betrayed the anguish of her heart; and such an observer was the Duca, and his tender attentions to her during the evening evinced the urbanity of his disposition. Genevieve felt grateful for his kindness, but nothing could remove the weight those few words she had heard spoken

had left upon her heart ; she fancied Jaques was come to Venice to demand her as his bride, and she sat trembling with agony, expecting every instant to behold him enter the cassino. The music, the most delightful compositions of Italian harmony, were unheard by her ; and the soft beams of an Italian moonlight, as it plays with brilliant effulgence on the gilded lattices of the cassino, failed in restoring serenity to her bosom, and the heavy hours she had passed in the caverns of the mountain band, were scarcely more irksome to her than those she was compelled to pass in the superb cassino of the Duca.

As soon as she returned home, she related to the Countess the incident which had so alarmed her, and they in vain hazarded conjectures as to the speaker—the voice was evidently

suppressed, and the extreme agitation of Genevieve at the words, obliterated the remembrance of the tone; she thought they were masculine. The only conclusion they could form was, that some emissary of Jaques, followed their footsteps, a spy upon their actions, and by whom, perhaps, when they least expected it, her disgraceful enthrallment would be made public — for this reason, Genevieve determined upon seclusion in future. The Countess would instantly have quitted Venice, but Genevieve opposed it, as their tormentor would doubtless follow their track, and every place was alike indifferent to her, since France was forbidden, where alone she wished to be, for there she could hear of Ferdinand, though not permitted to see him. His joining his regiment she had seen announced in the public prints, and

that was the only intelligence concerning him that had reached her since he left the Chateau D'Humeires, as the Countess, from motives of prudence, had forbidden his writing, and that intelligence alone had removed a load from her heart; for she had scarcely dared to hope that he would be suffered to pass the forest unmolested.

For several weeks after the carnival, Genevieve confined herself to the house, receiving the daily visits of her friends, but refusing all their solicitations to appear abroad, or increase the circle of her acquaintance, notwithstanding the intreaties of the Count de Tolly to permit him to introduce to her a countrywoman of his own, a French Marchioness de Bourge, whose elegance, beauty, and fascinating manners, he was so lavish in his description of, but in vain; Genevieve

still declined the honour of adding the Marchioness to her list of friends. The Duca receiving advice from Spain that his presence would shortly be necessary there, determined before he quitted Italy, to take a tour to several places he had not yet seen, and appointed a day to give a farewell ball to the nobility of Venice, and he appeared so much hurt at Genevieve's refusal to be present at it, that at length, rather yielding to the wishes of the Countess, than her own, she gave a reluctant consent.

The Count de Tolly called upon them on the morning of the appointed day, and appeared enraptured at her compliance, exclaiming, "I shall then be completely happy, the charming Marchioness de Bourge will be there also, and experience a pleasure she has long panted for—an introduction

to the peerless Genevieve de Castro."

"I am obliged (replied Genevieve) by the anxiety the Marchioness has manifested to be introduced to me, and can only plead the indifferent state of my health and spirits, as an excuse for (perhaps rather rudely) rejecting her advances.—Pray is the Marchioness a young or middle aged woman?"

"Oh young!—very young!—almost as young as yourself, and (yourself excepted) the loveliest woman in Italy."

"I have no wish to dispute the palm of beauty with her (said Genevieve, with a languid smile) but is the Marchioness married?"

"No, a widow, just emerged from the solitary seclusion of an old chateau in Provence, where etiquette has, till

within a few weeks, detained her—when she flew to Venice to dispel the melancholy her situation had engendered.”

“ I should rather have supposed (said the Countess) that an amiable woman, as you represent the Marchioness to be, would have cherished the remembrance of a husband she loved, rather than endeavour to lose his idea in scenes of dissipation ; but perhaps, you knew the Marquis, and he was not worthy of her regrets ?”

“ I believe so—indeed I think so (replied the Count, rather embarrassed) I have but lately known the Marchioness—she is shy of speaking upon the subject ; but I understand the Marquis was old, and tyrannical. It was my good fortune to render her some assistance upon her arrival in Venice, when her gondola overset,

with her and her attendants, near the gardens of my palazzo. Finding that she was a stranger and unprotected, I offered her my assistance in procuring her a suitable establishment; her wealth is abundant, and her beauty so perfectly celestial, that she is universally followed and admired; she is admitted to the first circles, but has always expressed such a desire to be introduced to your ladyship, and your beauteous grand-daughter, that to serve her I have been more than commonly urgent upon the subject."

The Count soon after took his leave, and it was at a late hour in the evening, when the Countess's gondola bore them to the palazzo of the Duca. Genevieve endeavoured to appear chearful, and the Countess was delighted at observing her native vivacity again sparkle in her eye,

and tint with the brightest vermillion her dimpled cheek. As she entered the saloon at the Duca's, every eye was turned with admiration upon her graceful figure; she was simply, yet richly habited in a vest of white satin, embroidered at the bottom with gold vine leaves, and tendrils; over it was a shorter vest and drapery of the finest white lace, embroidered to correspond; her fair hair was confined in a knot upon the back of her head, and prevented from totally shading her polished forehead by a bandeau composed entirely of rubies and emeralds, elegantly set to resemble a wreath of vine leaves, and the fruit; her neck and arms were decorated with corresponding ornaments, and as she moved up the saloon, her light drapery floating around her, the simple sweetness of her air bespoke her

totally unconscious of her own extreme loveliness.

The Duca led her to a seat, and refreshments were presented to the party.

In a short time the Count de Tolly approached them—"Ma Belle Genevieve (he exclaimed) till you entered the saloon, I thought the brilliant beauty of the Marchioness de Bourge this evening unrivalled, even by you; but you broke upon us with such unwonted radiance, that even the Marchioness unwillingly resigns the crown of loveliness to you, and is anxious to be introduced to offer the homage of an inferior; have I your permission to present her to her sovereign?"

To his half serious, half ludicrous, address, Genevieve playfully bowed, and he flew off towards the Marchioness, who was seated at the other

end of the saloon surrounded by a crowd of beaux, each more anxious than the other to obtain her attention; her figure, tall, elegant, dignified and impresssive, was habited in a Venetian robe of black velvet, clasped at the waist and bosom with diamonds; her fine turned neck was adorned with a necklace of brilliants, and her dark hair, which was banded in the Grecian style, was confined by several brilliant circlets, whose radiance rivalled the lustre of her fine dark eyes.

When the Count delivered his permission, a slight hectic tinged her cheek, but giving him her hand, he led her up the saloon; her majestic mien, as she approached Genevieve, struck her with admiration, and she rose from her seat to receive her; but as she came nearer, both Genevieve and the Countess started with

dismay—for in the highly praised brilliant Marchioness de Bourge, they recognized the humble Janetta D'Au-bois. The Count introduced, in an elaborate speech, the Marchioness de Bourge, but no answer was returned: they still gazed upon her with looks of horror, and a quivering lip, that denied them utterance; but Janetta instantly stepped forward, and seizing the hand of Genevieve, whispered—"Beware! this moment decides thy fate—receive me as the Marchioness, or I instantly claim you as the wife of my brother, the leader of the mountain band!"

Genevieve essayed to speak, but her tongue refused the office; a deadly shivering seized her frame, and with a deep sigh she fell senseless on the bosom of the scarce less agitated Countess—all was instantly in confusion, the Duca took her in his arms, and conveyed her into a colonnade for air.

As soon as she began to show symptoms of returning life, the Countess insisted upon returning home, fearing that, in her disorder, Genevieve might betray her secret ; her gondola was immediately ordered, and the Duca himself conveyed them to their residence, and then returned to his own palazza, musing upon the cause of Genevieve's sudden indisposition, and determined to sift the Count thoroughly upon the subject of the Marchioness, as he now began to suspect she was other than she appeared, and should she prove so, the odium of her introduction must fall upon the Count, as he had roundly asserted himself well acquainted with her family.

It had been the Duca's intention to have solicited a private interview with Genevieve the morning after the ball, and demand a final answer to the pro-

fessions of attachment he had so repeatedly made, but he now postponed his declaration till the mysterious incident of the evening should be explained. Were Genevieve portionless, he felt he should not love her less, but were any thing like dishonour attached to her, he owed too much to his family, a line of unblemished nobility, to dare to sully it at the impulse of a blind passion.

CHAP. V.

"Insolence and barbarism triumphed,
And swept away distinction!
Peasants trod upon the necks of nobles,
Low were laid the reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation covered all the land."

ROWE.

WHEN Ferdinand Marquis D'Uxelles arrived in Paris, he drove to his own hotel, where his numerous domestics hailed his return with transport, although they almost trembled for his safety, as the infuriated mob daily paraded the streets, insulting and murdering all whom their blind zeal denominated enemies to the people, and many whose sentiments were privately the same as their own, though they were backward in discovering them, fell sacrifices to their

fury, as they were led on by a set of wretches who made patriotism a plea for plunder, and who endeavoured to raise their own fortunes upon the ruin of others; and could they succeed in this their grand aim, they cared little what became of that people for whose rights they so loudly and energetically declaimed. And such in general are the views of those men who style themselves patriots, and wish to bring themselves into notice by the ruin of their fellow men; with such patriots riches alone were a crime, and Ferdinand soon found that to these worthies he was an object of suspicion, as both himself and his attendants were insulted whenever they ventured to quit their hotel. The king and queen were at Versailles, and thither Ferdinand hastened, and procured an audience; he was received with manly firmness by his monarch, and by the

beauteous Antoinette with that bewitching sweetness that ever won the hearts of all that approached her.

They were not unconscious of the state of the public mind, though they endeavoured to appear unmoved by it, and Louis, with the bold front of conscious worth and integrity, still showed himself in public as usual; but Antoinette, with the timidity of her sex, secluded herself with her ladies and family, and seldom appeared but to greet those friends who had proved themselves unalterably attached to them. Such a friend was the Marquis deemed, and leading the Dauphin by the hand, she entered the apartment where Ferdinand was receiving from his monarch some instructions which he was instantly to convey to his general, who, with his regiment, were then at Arras. As she entered the apartment, Ferdinand

knelt to her, and she extended her fair hand to him, which he respectfully pressed to his lips.

Louis, with a languid smile, said—
“ You see, Madame, we have not yet lost all our friends ; the Marquis has flown from the extremity of Gascony to offer us his aid.”

The colour of Ferdinand mounted to his cheek at a compliment he felt he did not deserve, as he feared had Genevieve not been torn from him, love would have stifled loyalty, and he should still have remained in Gascony ; yet he dared not deny the construction the king had put upon his unexpected arrival. But his emotion was unnoticed, for a tear rose in the bright eye of the queen as her royal partner spoke, and a sigh swelled her bosom, but quickly chasing from her brow all traces of sorrow, she said—
“ My thanks for the offered aid of

the Marquis are too trifling to be worth his acceptance; but do you, my child," she added, taking an amulet, attached to a slender gold chain, from her bosom, "do you present this to the Marquis, and bid him remember to be your friend, when, perhaps, your parents may no longer stand in need of his assistance."

The Dauphin approached him, and Ferdinand again knelt, whilst he placed the chain around his neck, repeating the words of his royal mother, and, with the native grace of childhood, pressed the amulet to his lips. The heart of the Marquis was too full for speech, he raised the amulet to his lips, then pressed it to his heart, and bowed; tears dimmed the eyes of all, but each one from different motives endeavoured to suppress their feelings.

Ferdinand received his instructions,

quitted the apartment, and instantly returned to Paris, where he left Henri as a guard to his hotel, and departed with a few domestics to Arras. He was received by his general with much pleasure, and the instructions he brought carefully obeyed; but Ferdinand observed, with sorrow, that the prevailing opinions had pervaded all ranks, even the military were biassed by them, and, in consequence, Arras was already become a scene of anarchy and confusion, which was the more difficult to quell, as their guardians and dictators were of opposite opinions, and while some privately fanned the flame, others were endeavouring to extinguish it.

One evening, exhausted with fatigue in a fruitless attempt to save an unhappy, unoffending family from the violence of these self-erected reformers of mankind, Ferdinand retired

early to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon a seat, remained ruminating upon the probable end of these distressing scenes, when his reveries were suddenly interrupted by a horseman dashing furiously up to his door : he started up, and went to a window, but it was too dark to discern the rider, yet he had but little time allowed him for suspense, for in a few seconds the door of his apartment opened, and Henri entered, covered with dirt, disfigured with bruises, his face pale, and his limbs trembling with excessive fatigue.

Ferdinand was transfixed with amazement, and incapable of uttering a word ; but Henri, tottering towards a sofa, fell upon it, saying—
“ Forgive me, my lord, my limbs are too much enfeebled to support me longer.”

“ Gracious God ! (exclaimed his master) what has happened — what brought you hither, and where did you receive those dreadful bruises ?”

“ In defending your property, my lord. In Paris you have no longer a home—your hotel was two nights ago ransacked by the mob : some of your domestics joined the plunderers ; myself and a few others endeavoured to oppose them, but were so roughly handled, that we were glad to escape with life, and it was with great difficulty that I have preserved the noble animal that has brought me hither.”

“ Thank God ! (returned Ferdinand) that your intelligence is no worse—have you heard any thing from Gascony ?”

“ No, my lord, that remote province is, as yet, I believe in peace—but our monarch, and his family, even

on the day that your hotel was plundered, were forced from their retirement at Versailles, and brought to Paris, attended by all the poinards and rabble of the city. No personal violence was, I believe, offered them, but how long they will be secure, even from that, it is impossible to say."

Ferdinand was more grieved at the insult offered to his king than for his own loss; but aware that his single arm would not avail him, he determined to remain where he was, and as much as was in his power preserve the peace of Arras. But a short time rendered his services there useless; for when the news arrived of the attempted elopement of the royal family, their arrest and confinement in the prison of the Conciergere, the soldiers throw off all restraint, and

those who professed republican principles either compelled their comrades to join their cause, or forced them to fly to save their lives.

Among the latter party was the Marquis and his faithful servant, Henri. Ferdinand was too ardent in the cause of loyalty, and too impetuous, for his principles to be concealed: he had been so active in endeavouring to succour a few unfortunate victims of this blood-stained goddess, misnamed Liberty, that he was become particularly obnoxious to the furious zealots who sacrificed at her shrine, and as soon as they had broken through the bonds that had hitherto restrained them, they surrounded his lodgings, and with loud cries demanded him to appear before them, and answer for his conduct. His servants affirmed he was from home, and they entered the

house to ascertain the truth of the information, breaking and destroying every thing they met with, venting their rage and disappointment upon the unoffending ornaments and furniture of the apartments.

In the midst of this scene of havoc, and destruction, Henri entered the street, and beheld what was going forward. With the lightning's speed he flew from the spot to his master, whom he had been attending to the house of an acquaintance a short distance from Arras; and pretending urgent business required his immediate return, drew him from the house, where he began to fear he might be detained, and in a few words he explained his errand. Ferdinand was shocked, but not surprized; where now should he bend his steps? Returning to Arras was meeting certain death, and to fly, perhaps, was

useless, as most likely he would be pursued. At Paris he had no longer a home, yet thither he resolved to go. Henri endeavoured to oppose this resolution, but in vain: Ferdinand pressed the amulet he had received from the queen to his lips, and vowed to fulfil the oath he had mentally sworn on receiving it, to dedicate his life to the service of herself and child; an oath not the less sacred in his opinion, because pity and emotion prevented its utterance, and had more of the French nobility in the early part of the revolution been actuated by the same motives, and devoted themselves to stem the torrent of anarchy and rebellion, instead of cowardly flying from danger, deserting their monarch and his family, anxious only for themselves, much of the blood that afterwards streamed from their scaffolds, might for years

have flowed in their natural channels.

Turning their backs upon Arras, they travelled with all the speed they could exert, and before night fall reached Peronne, where they entered an humble auberge, and requested a lodging: the landlord, a mean spirited petty fellow, who had by dint of pilfering and hard labour risen from an itinerant grinder of knives and scissors to the dignity of the landlord of an inn, seeing by the garb of Ferdinand that he was what he had been used to consider as his superior, determined to revenge it, by now treating him with contempt; for it was the universal practice of those levellers, who boasted of equality, to treat those they fancied beneath them (when in power) with an arrogance and pride that no class of nobility that ever existed could equal, much

less surpass. In consequence of this resolution he placed himself in the doorway of a dirty smoaky room, dignified with the appellation of the best, and opposed their entrance, pointing with an air of what he thought dignity, to the common room. Ferdinand was about to seize the fellow by the collar, and push him aside, but Henri hastily stepped between them, and with an humble bow entered the apartment pointed out to them, followed by his master, who could scarcely restrain the indignation he felt at the supercilious glances of the innkeeper, who without deigning to attend them, retired to his room to indulge in the contemplation of his own dignity; and it was a long time before a dirty, half naked girl (that was busily employed in tying the distinguishing coloured ribbons that were already adopted by

the republicans around the neck of a small lap dog) could be prevailed upon to fetch them some wine and a few eggs, which was all the provision that could be procured, which she placed upon the table with a jerk, saying—"that they must wait upon themselves, as in future she should not be the slave of any one."

Ferdinand scarcely heard her remark, but Henri took the task of cooking upon himself, and did it with such alacrity and readiness, that the girl began to suppose herself mistaken in her conjectures of his being a gentleman, and condescending to enter into conversation with him, related many anecdotes of outrages that had already taken place in the neighbourhood, with a savage ferocity, that made Henri view her rather in the light of a fiend than a young female; and yet, to the eternal disgrace of

French women, thousands of her sex were, during the revolution, embrued with the same sanguinary spirit; the only instance upon record of such blood-thirsty sentiments being displayed by the softer sex, and, for the credit of human nature, it is to be hoped it will be the last.

“Your master (said Henri) is I suppose the friend of the people?”—
 “Undoubtedly (she replied) Monsieur, my master led the people to the attack of the chateau of our late Lord, who has been forced to fly;—Monsieur assures us we are free to act exactly as we please, and tells me that I am the equal of Louis Capet’s wife, the proud Antoinette; and for that matter, I think myself greatly her superior, and she may be made to feel so e’er long.”

Ferdinand looked at the little dingy savage, who boasted herself the supe-

rior of the highly gifted, beauteous Antoinette, with that sort of contempt one views a noxious reptile, which chance throws in one's path, that one is too merciful to trample under foot, but which is too loathsome to excite any other sentiment than disgust.

When they had finished their repast, they were shown to a loft over a stable, where was plenty of hay and a couple of blankets; and the superior of Antoinette, after condescending to wish them a good night, closed the door with a bang, and left them.—Rude as was their lodging, fatigue obtained for them a few hours of sound repose, but they were up with the dawn, and scarcely thought themselves in safety from the landlord and his crisping servant till they were some miles from Peronne. Upon their arrival at Nijon, Henri purchased some peasants dresses, which at the first stage be-

yond they put on, leaving their military habits bundled up together in a field, for the benefit of the first traveller that should chance to find them, and proceeded to Senlis, where they passed the night; their host, they discovered, was secretly attached to the king, though the system of terror already adopted by the revolutionists had taught him caution, but Ferdinand felt himself more secure beneath his roof, than he did in the miserable apartments of his host at Peronne.— He here learnt that Paris was one scene of universal havoc and destruction, and Henri again endeavoured to persuade his lord to turn his steps another way, but in vain — and they hastily proceeded to the capital.

Upon their arrival they found the barriers strictly guarded, but they had joined some peasants with market carts, and their dresses being the same,

they were suffered to pass. They wandered about the streets some hours, seeking in vain for some face they knew, but the very features of the inhabitants appeared changed with their sentiments, and that city, late so smiling, brilliant, and splendid, was now one wide scene of horror, ferocity, dirt, and rags. They past the hotel which Ferdinand had so recently called his own ; it was now occupied by a leader of the people, a furious democrat, who daily harranged the mob from its windows, and then placing himself at their head, led them on to scenes of blood and plunder :—this distinguished character had lived for many years in a garret, in one of the most obscure parts of the city, and gained a livelihood by making toys and nick-nacks, in which his countrymen so much excel ; but as he was devoid of all principle and

morality, the revolution gave him an opportunity of emerging from his obscurity, which he eagerly seized, and abandoned his harmless occupation for the dangerous post of leader of a band of democrats. His first reward was a magnificent mansion for his dwelling, despoiled of its furniture it is true, but he was unused to luxuries, and would not have known the use of half the articles the hotel contained, had his energetic friends been kind enough to leave them for him.

With a groan of mingled indignation and horror Henri glanced his eye from the building to the features of his master; Ferdinand saw his emotion, but with a placid smile he turned his back upon the mansion of his ancestors, and walked on towards the prison where his royal master was confined with his family. The evening was now closed in, but the tocsin

rung loudly throughout the city, and instantly every house was illuminated from top to bottom, so that the streets were as light as noon-day, and no suspected person could leave their hiding-place under cover of the night.

Hitherto the dress of Ferdinand and Henri had been their protection, but they could not hope it would long avail them, as they knew not where to obtain a shelter, for the hotels of all the nobles were either deserted by their owners, or in possession of the mob, and to enter any house of public entertainment was certain detection.—The shouts and noise of an immense multitude now seemed approaching them from all parts, and they were soon surrounded by a confused crowd of men and women, bearing flags and pikes, which they carried erect, and as they came near, Ferdinand felt a sickening sensation as he perceived

human heads upon the points of the pikes—the blood still flowing from the necks, and covering with the ensanguined stream the brutes in human shape that carried them. The appearance of Ferdinand and his servant excited their suspicions; they instantly surrounded them, and forcing off their hats, the Marquis was immediately recognized;—a shout that might have become the regions of Pandæmonium was immediately uttered by the whole blood-stained crew. Henri, although still an attendant on his lord, was, from his situation, supposed friendly to their cause, and a pike, upon which was the head of a young and lovely girl, was offered him to carry as a touchstone of his faith; he rejected it with scorn, and was instantly knocked down by a blow with a club, which laid him senseless on the earth. —Ferdinand sprung forward to his

assistance, but a hundred arms were opposed against him.

“Stop! stop! (was exclaimed by a female voice in a tone of command) desist on peril of your lives!”

The crowd fell back, but the words were spoke too late to save him, a violent blow on the back of his head had stretched Ferdinand senseless by the side of his faithful servant.

When recollection again revisited the Marquis, he was lying in a magnificent bed in a small apartment, elegantly furnished; he endeavoured to turn himself, but found by the ineffectual efforts he made, and the bandages around his head and body, that he was severely bruised; his head felt giddy, and he closed his eyes to endeavour perfectly to recollect what had happened, and where he now was.—The scene of the mob floated in

his imagination like a horrid dream, and he wondered how he had been transported from it to a place of comfort and safety ;—he again opened his eyes, and looked around—it was either evening, or the light of day was so excluded from his apartment as to resemble twilight.—He saw a figure glide dimly along the room, a white bandage was wrapped around the head, and, approaching the bed, it leant over him, and he felt a tear drop upon his cheek. Though pale and emaciated, Ferdinand thought he recognized the features, and he murmured the name of Henri faintly.

As he spoke the ear of affection caught the sound, “ my lord ! my dear lord ! (exclaimed the faithful lad, for it was indeed him) do you again enjoy your senses, or is it a dream that deludes me thus ? ” “ It is no dream, Henri

—where am I, how came I here, and what has happened to us both? You look extremely ill.”

“Oh my dear lord, ask not of the past, you are now in a place of safety; endeavour to get well, and you shall know all.”

The entrance of an elderly woman now put a stop to their conversation; she expressed herself much delighted at the Marquis's recovery of his reason, exclaiming, “Now my mistress will indeed be happy!”—but, positively prohibiting all further conversation, she dismissed Henri to his own room, lest his presence should agitate his master, and prevent his sleeping, which, after giving him a cordial, she strongly recommended, and drawing the curtains of his bed, she imposed silence both upon him and herself.

Ferdinand, prohibited the use of his tongue, was obliged to confine him-

self to thinking, but that only bewildered him, without giving him light upon the subject of where he was, and who could be sufficiently interested about him, or have influence sufficient to snatch him from the grasp of an infuriated mob, drenched with blood, and frantic with success; surely the female voice that he heard as he fell, must have been that of his preserver, and he was now indebted to her for an asylum; yet how a female, possessing softness and humanity, could be mingled with such a mass of dæmons in human shape, and have authority over them, he could not imagine: the splendour of his apartment too, would have puzzled him, had he not recollected the transfer of his own hotel, and supposed the one he was now in might have experienced the same fate.

He was awoke the following morn-

ing by the nurse, speaking in a low voice to some one in his apartment ; wishing to know who it was, he gently put his hand out of bed, and drew back the curtain ; his motion disturbed the speakers, and he saw a female glide hastily from the apartment. “ Who was that ? ” he exclaimed.

“ Of whom are you speaking, Monsieur ? ” replied the nurse.

“ Of the lady who has just now left my apartment.”

“ Lady, Monsieur, you are deceived, no one but myself has entered your apartment this morning ; I hope your delirium has not returned, come, in case it should, take this draught which I was ordered to give you, the moment you awoke. Ferdinand obeyed without reply, but he was convinced he was in no delirium, nor deceived, when he imagined he beheld a female quit his apartment ; he had not seen her face, but her

white flowing robes, and bright auburn hair that floated loose about her shoulders, convinced him she was no domestic, but most probably the lady to whom he was indebted for his life. Supposing the nurse was instructed to conceal the seeming impropriety of her entering his chamber whilst sleeping, he dropt the subject.

Henri soon after entered, and his unremitting attentions, joined to that of the nurse, in a few days restored Ferdinand to his usual health; but he could not avoid remarking that Henri was never left alone with him, and all his questions concerning his rescue, or present situation, were either unanswered, or referred to a distant period; that he was still in Paris, the oft repeated and alarming sound of the tocsin convinced him, and in the house of a republican he had likewise no doubt for though Henri still addressed

him by the title of "my lord," the nurse never used any other term than "Citizen," or "Monsieur."

Both his own health and Henri's were perfectly restored ; yet his seclusion continued, although he was very urgent with the nurse for an interview with his preserver, and to be allowed to depart, both which he was assured should take place in a few days. The increasing melancholy of Henri likewise much disquieted him, for he was convinced that some secret grief preyed upon his mind, though the presence of the nurse forbade its communication.

One evening Henri had retired to rest, when his attendant entered, saying "come, Monsieur, banish care and melancholy, the moment you have so long wished for is arrived at last ; my mistress will allow you to sup with her, alone, this evening, and will explain

to you why she rescued you from the people, and what return she expects for her kindness."

Ferdinand, with a glow of pleasure, prepared for the interview, and his fine form and Apollo-like countenance, attracted even the admiration of the nurse, who, as she led the way to the supper-room, muttered to herself, "what a pity he is not a leader of the people, his looks might persuade them to any thing."

With a heart buoyant with hope and gratitude, Ferdinand entered the saloon; it was vacant, and the nurse retired, saying, "she would inform her lady that he awaited her."

Ferdinand looked around him with astonishment, his own hotel had been thought the most superbly furnished of any house in Paris, but no apartment in it could bear the slightest competition with the one he was now

in ; it was an extensive saloon, with numberless windows of an immense height, but blue satin curtains fringed with gold were now drawn before them, and floated in folds upon the ground ; the compartments between the windows were wholly occupied by Venetian mirrors, bordered with flowers and candelabras, bearing numerous wax tapers, that shed the radiance of day around :—the dome formed ceiling was painted to resemble the azure vault of heaven, and a carpet beneath the feet of white velvet was ornamented with the most beautiful flowers that the pencil of the artist could imitate. Ottomans of blue satin and gold, to correspond with the curtains, decorated in profusion the apartment, and two were placed by a table of ebony inlaid with gold, which stood at one end of the saloon, and was covered with fruits, wines, and

every delicacy that epicurism could invent, or opulence purchase.

Can this temple of luxury (thought Ferdinand) be the dwelling of a republican; but casting his eyes from the table to the other end of the apartment, he beheld a pedestal, upon which was a statue of liberty, with the insignia attributed to that goddess, and clothed in the costume of an Amazon. Ferdinand approached it, and did the artist the justice to admire a work, that, though it was not finished with the masterly touches of a Praxitiles, was a model of as fine a female form as even imagination could produce, and which as it was not encumbered with too much drapery, the artist had full power to display to advantage.

He was lost in observation, and the thoughts of how little the lovely appearance of the goddess assimilated

with the blood-stained rites of her votaries, when a slight noise behind him made him start from his reverie, and turning round, he beheld by his side the exact resemblance of the statue he was gazing upon, in the form of a very lovely woman, whose eyes were rivetted upon himself. Involuntarily he turned his gaze again upon the statue, and then upon the stranger; they were an exact fac simile, both in dress and person; his astonishment brought a smile upon the face of the female, and laying her hand upon his arm, she archly said—

“If your examination is at an end, tell me if you think the artist has not flattered me.”

“That would be impossible, replied Ferdinand with animation, and pressing the hand which she had laid on his arm to his lips, but tell me, (he

continued) have I the happiness of beholding my preserver ? ”

“ You see a friend, (she replied) but come, allude not to the past, I am sorry I have detained you so long ; the goddess you have honoured with so strict a scrutiny must be my excuse, as it is in her service I have been engaged.—I equally with yourself, require reproachment ; after our repast, we will discourse upon the business that lies nearest my heart. At present I will think of nothing, that can mar the few social hours I am destined to enjoy.” So saying, she extended her hand to Ferdinand, and he led her to the table, where, as she gracefully reclined upon an ottoman, he gazed upon her with the admiration her beauty could not fail to inspire in all that beheld her.

She was rather taller than the middle size, and blended the dignity of

Janetta, with the softness and simplicity of Genevieve ; although some years older than either of them, she still retained the freshness, and bloom of extreme youth ; her figure was inclining to the *en-bon-point*, and her dress such as would have brought a blush upon the face of modesty, but it was universally sanctioned by republican females, and worn as an indication of their principles ; a transparent muslin chemise, drawn very low upon her neck and shoulders, gave to full view a very lovely bosom, whose exquisite whiteness was rivalled by that of her dimpled arms and shoulders ; and a vest, or rather a short petticoat of fine crimson cloth, was girt below her bosom by a brilliant cestus, and formed the whole of her attire.

Her finely turned ancles were ornamented with sandals, in the Roman style, and her dress was not of suffi-

ent length to obscure them from the view of the gazer; a profusion of beautiful auburn hair was confined from flowing on her shoulders by a silver net, and her naked arms were adorned with rich armlets; her mouth and teeth were perhaps the most lovely in the world, and her large hazel eyes sparkled with unrepressed vivacity, and gave unspeakable animation to a face and figure that Ovid himself might have chosen for his Venus.—Her very glance and movement inspired love, but it was such love as Calypso might be supposed to kindle—love unawed by prudence, unchecked by respect; and the conversation of Ferdinand as he gazed upon her insensibly became divested of ceremony, though he invariably wondered how such softness could ever for a moment harmonize with republican principles and practices; but he had yet to learn that mo-

dern liberty, and libertinism are synonymous terms, and that no two race of people that ever existed upon the habitable globe, could be more widely different, than the heroes and chaste dames of ancient Rome, and the self-erected Brutusses and Lucretians of modern days. But whatever were the principles of the stranger, she had been the preserver of the Marquis, and her aim was evidently to attract his regard; and Ferdinand, though he had suffered sufficiently from the consequences of his former levity, to teach him not again to dare to trifle with the feelings of a woman, yet it had not so thoroughly steeled his heart against the sex as to enable him to treat the attention of a lovely female either with harshness or contempt; but, endeavouring to avoid the parley of her eyes, as soon as possible he returned her thanks for her care of

him during his illness, and for preserving him from the fury of the people.

No event of the revolution (she replied) has given me so much pleasure as the exercise of my power in the preservation of your life. Some months back I saw you at the Italian Opera, you made such an impression on my heart, that the next day I sent to your hotel; you had left Paris but an hour before, and I never heard of you again till I beheld you in the street, and without giving myself a moment's time to deliberate, I sprung forward to your rescue; the event proved the extent of my power—you were unconditionally delivered to me, but my friends expect that I shall (when perfectly recovered) present you to them as a proselyte.—Tell me citizen, Ferdinand, (she added, laying her white arm upon

his shoulder,) can you reject the intreaties of the goddess of Liberty herself to join her standard—to her open declaration of love?

Ferdinand perhaps would have needed the full remembrance of Genevieve to make him insensible, but the conclusion of her speech drove from his fancy in an instant the impression of her beauty, and he steadfastly replied, “to liberty madam, I am and ever must be a devoted friend; but to the blood-stained altars, raised to that name in France, I am a decided foe. Banish from your mind all idea of presenting me to those you style your friends, as a proselyte to the present system.”

“If liberty fails to attract you (she replied) has love no charms? I have confessed I love you, I from whom that confession would be by many received with rapture, although your averted

eye seems to speak disgust; surely in love your principles do not differ from that of all your sex, you are in that a republican, and like

“ Love free as air,
That at sight of human ties
Spread his light wings, and in a moment flies.”

“ The libertine’s plea, (replied Ferdinand) and think me not ungrateful, Madame, but I love another, and those ties you revile, it would be my proudest boast to assume, if ever my wayward fate should grant me such happiness.”—He thought of Genevieve, as he spoke, and her purity, opposed against the wanton that sat by his side, rendered him invulnerable to her attacks; but she was not so easily foiled, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, she said—

“ Happy woman, who e’er she is—
but you are separated; I ask you not

to forget her—but am I worthless because she is unattainable? Think of the present moment, dear Ferdinand, the future is hid in clouds and mystery.”

The Marquis averted his eyes from her lovely countenance, as, twining her arms around him, she laid her head upon his bosom; but after a moment's pause, he disengaged himself from her embrace, saying—“Urge me no more, Madame; neither my love or loyalty shall ever more be shaken, and if for this purpose you gave me a shelter beneath this roof, open your gates and abandon me again to the fury of that multitude you rescued me from. I can bear death, but will not brook dishonour.” The lovely countenance of the female turned pale with anger as he spoke, but her eyes were fixed on his manly countenance, glowing with animation and energy,

and her admiration of his person suppressed her feelings of disappointment, and she added—

“ Why so impetuous, perhaps you regret your loss of rank ; my countenance will raise you higher in the republic, than you stood before, and I have lost equal rank with yourself.”

“ Indeed ! (replied Ferdinand) are you a Marchioness ?”

“ I was so (she replied) but I have abjured the bauble ; I was once the Marchioness de Montreal !”

“ De Montreal !” repeated Ferdinand, with accents of astonishment.

“ Yes, Montreal !” she reiterated, “ Madelon, Marchioness of Montreal — now Madelon alone — your Madelon, dear Ferdinand,” and she flung herself upon his bosom ; but starting from her grasp, he exclaimed—

“ Sorceress ! my Madelon !—no

you disgrace your sex ; and the title you unjustly assume—perhaps it was in this very apartment that Montreal fell a sacrifice to your crimes, and the injured Roberto became a murderer !”

The name of Roberto appeared almost to annihilate her being, for with a shriek of horror she fell apparently lifeless on the ground. Ferdinand could not behold her situation unmoved ; he raised her in his arms, and placed her on a couch, then taking some water from a vase, he bathed her temples with it, and sighed that in so fair a form there should exist such depravity. It was a long time before suspended animation returned, and when it did so, strong convulsions shook her frame. Ferdinand would have called for assistance, but her clenched hands firmly grasped his coat ; at length speech

returned to her, but not her recollection.

“ Who are you ? (said she) Montreal risen from the dead to upbraid me ! yet why ?—I never loved but him.”

“ Compose yourself (said Ferdinand) I will call for assistance.”

“ Hold ! hold ! she replied, seizing him wildly by the arm—“ you cannot pass—see, the blood bars your passage—the blood of Montreal—the blood of all !—and see (she added, lowering her voice) the viands are polluted with human gore !”

A deadly shivering seized her as she spoke, and she again fell on the couch, senseless. In a few minutes she recovered, and casting her eyes on Ferdinand who stood anxiously watching her, she appeared to recollect instantly what had passed ; a deep crimson flush superseded the pallid

hue of her cheek, and, turning from him, she murmured, "leave me, leave me."

"Can I not procure you assistance, (he replied)—your women"—

"No one! (she furiously interrupted) leave me; or I cannot answer the consequences."

Ferdinand walked to the door of the saloon, but turned round to see if she was still sensible. She was seated on the couch, her eyes wildly glaring round the room as if in search of some object that avoided her; she appeared as if unconscious of his presence, and the beautiful symmetry of her features were distorted with agony. Averse to leaving her alone in so dreadful a situation, he returned towards the couch; but fixing her eyes on him, she screamed wildly, and exclaiming—"Roberto, detested Roberto! let me avoid thee!"—rose

from her seat and attempted to fly, but again fell lifeless on the floor.—Ferdinand stooped to raise her, and at that instant the door of the saloon opened, and the woman, who had been his nurse, entered.

“What mean those screams?” said she.

“Your lady is ill (replied Ferdinand) assist me to raise her.”

The woman obeyed without reply, and ringing a bell, as soon as she had done so, said, “Follow me, Monsieur, I have summoned her women; they are used to these fits, but must not see you here.”

Ferdinand followed her to his own apartment, inwardly exclaiming—“Oh guilt, if these are thy agonies, how preferable is innocence, though clothed in the garments of misery.”—He threw himself on his bed, and the woman left him; but scarcely

two hours had elapsed before she returned, and said, "Follow me instantly!"

He would have hesitated, but she seized his arm, and he mechanically followed her steps through several passages, till she opened a door, which, passing through, he was instantly seized on each side by two men, who threw a mantle over his head, and lifting him into a carriage, it instantly drove away at full speed.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Tis he !---tis he !---I know him now,
 I know him by his pallid brow ;
 I know him by that evil eye,
 That aids his envious treachery.”

LORD BYRON.

AFTER the eventful evening which had introduced Janetta to Genevieve as the Marchioness de Bourge, the Countess D'Humeires gradually found her doors deserted by those who had hitherto courted her acquaintance. The whisper of Janetta had been observed, though not heard, and various were the comments made upon the incident ; but as the Count de Tolly persisted in his tale of the respectability of the Marchioness, and as she still continued in public, whilst Gene-

vieve was secluded, it was concluded that there was some stain in the character of the latter, which the former was too generous to reveal; and under this impression the society of the Countess and her injured grandchild was sedulously avoided. The Count de Tolly, and the pretended Marchioness, had the assurance several times to present themselves at their door, though they were not admitted.— This insult was an aggravation of Genevieve's grief, and she petitioned the Countess to quit Venice, as she thought change of scene might prevent her dwelling too much on the past.

As the Duca had left Venice, the Countess consented, and determined to pass a short time in the Pope's territories. She hired a small bark to convey them to Ancona, intending to go from thence by land to Rome. At

an early hour of a lovely morning they embarked, and Genevieve, seated under an awning upon deck, beheld with emotions almost amounting to pleasure the vessel pursue its way over the smiling Adriatic sea, now smooth as a mirror, whilst the gilded domes and gay palazzo's of Venice gradually receded to their view. Several barks hovered around them, and their white sails contrasting with the deep blue of the ocean gave additional beauty to the scene. Their little voyage was delightful, and they arrived at their destined port with a feeling of enjoyment, and renovated spirits, that made Genevieve eager again to venture upon an element that had yielded her such unmixed delight.

They remained at Ancona for some days, then visited the far famed Loreto, and made a tour of the coast,

till they reached Troja, from whence they proceeded to Naples, where they remained several weeks, delighted with the beauty of the spot; from thence they went to Rome, and thence to Leghorn, where Genevieve had persuaded the Countess to go and embark for Genoa, as she had been so much delighted with her voyage from Venice that she wished to repeat the pleasure. Her slightest intimation of a wish was a law with her indulgent grandmother, and after a few days repose, a bark was hired to convey them to Genoa, and they went on board. They had scarcely left the harbour of Leghorn before a contrary wind opposed their passage, which was succeeded by a dead calm, and the master of the bark, saying, "it was impossible to proceed without a wind," threw out an anchor,

and advised the ladies to retire for the night to their cabin. The Countess and Genevieve, not feeling at all incommoded by the element, had supped upon deck, and amused themselves by remarks on the surrounding objects; only one vessel was near them, and it appeared by its movements to be following the same track with themselves; it was much larger than their own, and very gaily ornamented, and was several times near enough for them to discover a person upon deck, so enveloped with warmer clothing than the climate required, that they concluded it must be an invalid.

When the captain advised their retiring, they descended to the cabin. Genevieve laid down upon a couch to repose herself, and the Countess sat by her side, reading a

political pamphlet, which she had newly purchased, but which Genevieve was so little interested in that she insensibly dropped asleep. She had slept but a short time when she was awoke by a violent shriek. and starting up, she beheld the cabin filled with men, and among them the muffled stranger they had observed in the larger vessel. Their sudden appearance had alarmed the Countess, who at the instant imagined they had been boarded by pirates, but recollecting that she had heard no sounds of contention, she now calmly demanded the cause of their intrusion. One of the men stepping forward in silence, presented Genevieve with a folded paper, which she hastily opened, and perused the following lines:—"Genevieve D'Aubois, will recognize in this

the writing of the person to whom she plighted her faith at the altar; the time is now arrived when he can no longer, in respect to her fastidious delicacy, deprive himself of the happiness of her society—let her therefore obey this mandate, and quietly accompany the bearer of it—or the lives of those she loves best may be the sacrifice of her rashness.”

Genevieve perused it, and casting a glance of despair upon the party before her, presented the paper to the Countess, who hastily looking it over, let the cruel mandate fall to the ground, and turning to the muffled stranger, who was apparently the chief of the party, she enquired if she was not to accompany her child?

“Certainly not,” was the reply.

“We will not be separated, (she

passionately exclaimed) this is a plot to deprive my heiress of her liberty—probably of her life;” then turning towards the men that belonged to the vessel she was in, she continued, “ I will no longer, through a foolish pride, conceal what places her in such peril—she has by treachery been compelled to wed one of the outcasts of society, who would, from a mere enforced ceremony, claim a right of controul over her actions. Assist my own domestics then to rescue her from his usurped authority, and I here publicly promise you the one half of the wealth I possess as your reward.”

The men looked as if irresolute; they had already taken a bribe from the other parties, but the magnitude of the one now offered them inclined them to change sides, but they were not allowed time for deliberation, for the strangers rushing forward,

seized on their shrieking prize, who clung for protection to her grandmother, but in vain. They were separated; Genevieve was torn from the frantic grasp of the Countess, and borne to the other vessel—not in a state of absolute insensibility, but incapable, from the acuteness of her despair of making any resistance.

She was carried down to her cabin, which was superbly furnished, and laid upon a sofa, and all but the disguised stranger quitted the place. He presented her with some aromatic scents, and when he saw her begin to revive, and gaze around her, he said—

“Can the beauteous Genevieve forgive the violence that has been offered her, and bear the sight of a friend?”

The tone in which he spoke, so different from the one he had addressed the Countess in, startled and sur-

prised her, and rising from her seat, she exclaimed—

“ Is it possible!—can it be !”

“ Yes, adorable Genevieve,” he returned, “ it is the man, who to obtain your smiles would venture the sacrifice of life itself,” and kneeling at her feet as he threw off his disguise, she beheld the Count de Tolly.

With a look of the most frigid and apathetic indifference, Genevieve withdrew her hand from his grasp, and seating herself with apparent calmness, she enquired, “ what could have induced him to commit the outrage he had insulted her with ?”

Though mortified by her cold glances, he replied, “ love, angelic, insensible girl—love, which every one that beholds those charms are doomed to feel.”

With cool contempt, she replied, “ the manner in which the Count de

Tolly has evinced his passion, must certainly gain him belief as to its ardency ; but as this is the first time he has honoured the object of it with a disclosure of his sentiments, she will, with as little ceremony, give her answer, and assure him, that no feelings but those of contempt are excited in her bosom by this unwelcome declaration."

The eyes of the Count flashed fire, as he retorted, " the Lady Genevieve manifested no such scorn before the disguise that concealed the person of her adorer was removed. Had the Marquis D'Uxelles then had the happiness of appearing before her, although alone, and torn from her friends, her reception of him might have been warm enough to erase the charge of prudery from the catalogue of the Lady Genevieve's faults."

Although stung to the soul by this

insult, she replied with spirit, “ that her affection for a man of honour she was too proud of to attempt to deny, but that she well knew the source of his information, and congratulated him upon being made the agent of the nefarious designs of a bandit.”

Her reproach seemed to pierce the heart of the Count, and a silence of several minutes ensued ; when hastily approaching her, he snatched her hand, as he said, “ listen to me Genevieve, it is in my power to save you from the evils you dread ; I love you to madness, promise but to be mine, if I can prove that the bandit has no power over you, and this instant I will bear you to France, and insure you wealth, rank, and happiness. If you refuse, I place you in the power of your persecutor, where you will be exposed to the society you most dread, and become the victim of

the machinations of a demon, in an angel's form. Reflect, Genevieve, your answer must decide—I adore you, but I cannot stoop to supplicate even you."

"Your conduct, my lord, (replied Genevieve) has made it impossible to give any credit to your professions; you have torn me from my friends, by the authority of this bandit, the existence of whose power you now pretend to doubt; but let my future fate be what it may, your's I never can—I never will be—nay, I might, perhaps, lose by the exchange; you have already shewn me how easy it is to assume a character you have no title to in a foreign land, and as the sister of a bandit could personate a Marchioness, the emissary of a bandit may take the title of a Count."

Starting from his seat, the Count

cast at her a look of such fury and malevolence, that she almost repented the taunt her irritated feelings had bestowed on him, and her spirits sunk, as muttering curses, he quitted the cabin.

She was several hours left to reflection, and her thoughts were tinged with no slight portion of bitterness and apprehension. The Count did not again appear before her during the night, and the following day it was evening when they cast anchor; and the Count, entering the cabin, threw over her a cloak, then stood for a minute as if irresolute.

“Obstinate woman! (he at length exclaimed) must I again sue to you—if you repent your yesterday’s decision, I am willing to forget the past; throw off your mantle—the anchor shall again be weighed, and we will

instantly steer for France ; if you land even I cannot then save you."

Genevieve, without answering, drew her mantle closer round her, and led the way from the cabin.

"Diable," muttered the Count, through his half-shut teeth, and followed her upon deck. Genevieve cast her eyes around, and saw they were at no great distance from the main land ; she determined, as soon as on shore, to request the assistance of the first passenger, and she stepped into the boat with her heart beating with new raised hopes of escape, but they were suddenly checked by their rowing to a small island, whose rocky shore was almost inaccessible. They landed with difficulty, and she beheld no human creature but those that attended her, nor any dwelling near, except a mass of ruins upon the summit of a pro-

montory, which might be called such. This she found was her destined place of abode, and they slowly approached it ; but as she entered beneath a ruined archway of what appeared to have been once a magnificent palace, her heart died within her, and she would have fallen senseless to the ground had not the Count, who walked suddenly by her side, caught her as she was sinking in his arms.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself alone in a subterranean apartment, lit by a lamp depending from the dome-formed ceiling ; the furniture was scanty and mean, but the place itself bore tokens of former magnificence ; the apartment was of immense extent, and gilded cornices, broken statues, and half-decayed paintings, evidently the work of the first masters, every where met the eye. At one end a raised platform

(over which still depended the tattered remains of a canopy) supported a homely pallet bed, which formed a strong contrast with the vestiges of grandeur that surrounded it. Genevieve rose from the bed on which she had been laid whilst insensible, and examined her prison ; there was only one entrance to it that she could perceive, and that was through folding doors beneath an archway, and firmly barricaded upon the outside. A table was spread with fruits, and biscuits, and a small jug of wine : judging by the appearance of all around her, that her confinement would be of some duration, she endeavoured to arm herself with sufficient fortitude to endure it.

In this confinement several days passed away, no one entered her dwelling, and her stock of provisions were exhausted ; the most dreadful

ideas now took possession of her mind, she was immured in this subterranean recess, and left to perish unknown and unlamented. She thought of her beloved grandmother, of Ferdinand, and Gascony, till her senses were wound up to a pitch of frenzy, and she uttered repeated screams that resounded through the vaulted roof, but no voice answered to her cries, and in an agony of despair she threw herself on the ground, and endeavoured to compose her mind sufficiently to solicit help from that power that alone could send relief. She had remained prostrate on the earth for some hours, her frenzy sunk into the calm of resignation, and she was uttering a prayer for increased fortitude, to support without murmuring the dreadful death apparently assigned her, when she heard the door of her dungeon unlock. Hastily she

sprung from the floor and flew towards the entrance; the sight of a human countenance, after she had despaired of ever again beholding it, inspired her with delight; two men entered, and she was about to precipitate herself with rapture into the arms of the first, when she recognized the features of the Count and hastily averting her eyes from his face, she meekly folded her arms upon her bosom, and unable to support her trembling frame, sunk upon her knees. Her pale and agitated countenance appeared to touch his heart with commiseration, and gently raising her, led her to a couch, and seating himself by her side, endeavoured to sooth her with the apparent warmth of unaffected kindness. A flood of tears relieved her throbbing temples, and she soon recovered composure sufficient to thank him for his attention, and withdraw herself from

his supporting arms.—The man that attended him had placed a fresh stock of provisions on the table, and withdrew, and Genevieve, when she found herself left alone with the Count, felt a fresh subject of alarm, and cast her eyes with an apprehensive look towards the door, which the man had closed after him but not fastened. The Count observed her wandering gaze, and supposing it proceeded from her eager desire of food, arose, and placing the table before her, besought her to eat.

Almost two days had elapsed since she had tasted refreshment, and she partook of what was set before her with an avidity which none but a being half-famished can feel or imagine. The Count watched in silence for several minutes this hitherto indulged child of luxury eagerly devouring the common viands she had set before her; his countenance betrayed the

most evident symptoms of remorse and anguish, and hastily pacing the apartment, he struck his forehead with agony, as he muttered, "Fiend ! fiend ! diabolical and detestable !" Then resuming his seat by her side, tenderly pressed her to be wary how she indulged her appetite too far, after so long a fast ; besought her pardon for his neglect in not visiting her before, and uttered the most sacred asseverations that she need not have the least fear of a repetition of such cruelty, for which he himself indeed was not to blame.

Genevieve listened to him with complacency, and her hopes of escape revived from the remorse which appeared to have taken possession of his mind, and she exerted all her eloquence to prevail on him to restore her to the arms of the Countess, but her energy defeated its aim, for as he

listened to her pleadings, and gazed on her interesting countenance, as her soft blue eyes were fixed in imploring earnestness on his, the love which her contempt had stifled, rekindled in his bosom, and eagerly snatching her to his heart, he said—

“ You have prevailed, promise but at some future period to become my wife, and in spite of the obstacles I shall have to encounter, I will this night restore you to liberty.”

Genevieve forcibly extricated herself from his embrace ; “ you forget (she replied) that I am the wife of another.”

“ The bandit ! (he eagerly interrupted) I have already said that I will prove he has no power over you ; if you will give me your written promise, I will unfold a tale that shall carry conviction to your heart.” So saying, he took from his vest a pocket book, and

taking from it a pencil, placed it in her hand, saying, write, dearest Genevieve," but with a repulsive motion she rejected it, saying,

"My lord, your offer is an insult to the small portion of common sense it has pleased providence to assign me ; either the bandit has or has not a power over my actions ; if he has, they are of such a nature as he himself cannot relinquish ; if he has not, I am the victim of an imposition, and that I am so, your lordship's conduct strongly impresses me with the idea. I have already rejected you as a lover, my heart is not in my power to bestow ; prove then that you have generosity enough to restore me to my friends, and accept the gratitude of my future life as payment."

Impassioned and amorous, the Count possessed not generosity enough to esteem the gratitude she offered,

and forcibly pressing her hand to his lips, he said — “ Love is even scorn from the Lady Genevieve; but does she not reflect that here I am master; that neither marquis or bandit can interfere to rob me of my prize, and that if happiness is peevishly denied me, I have it in my power to seize by force the blessing rendered still sweeter by gratified revenge.”

The mixed feelings of licentiousness and malevolence that now tinged his features with the deepest crimson, made Genevieve shudder with terror, and she endeavoured to force herself from his grasp; he appeared to enjoy her confusion, but pressing his lips to her averted cheek, released her, saying, “ I leave you a few hours for reflection—when next we meet, my love must be rewarded

with compliance," and instantly quitting the apartment, the door was barricaded as usual.

Genevieve felt relieved by his absence, and passed the remainder of the day in prayer, but retired early to her couch, as the dreadful feelings she had experienced for several preceding days had precluded sleep. It was midnight when her uneasy repose was broken by the touch of a cold hand upon her forehead; with a piercing scream she awoke, and starting up in her bed, shuddered with horror as she perceived the tall figure of a man standing by her bed-side; her lamp gave an imperfect light, and she again shrieked as she imagined she beheld the Count before her, but the voice instantly banished that idea, and she recognised her deliverer from the caverns of the Pyrenees, as

he said, " Lady be not alarmed—you have a friend near you—but be upon your guard, for even your life——

The sound of approaching footsteps now made the nocturnal visitant pause—then only saying, " it is too late,"—he fled across the chamber and disappeared in the gloom, whilst the bolts and bars of the door were hastily unclosed, and the Count, with an attendant, entered. He approached and enquired the cause of her shrieks? Genevieve, with a faltering tongue, attributed it to a fearful dream—but her eyes wildly glanced around the apartment to see if the light which the Count's attendant carried, would discover Roberto hid amongst its numerous recesses; but all was vacancy, and with a heart relieved of its fears, she turned her regards upon the Count, who had been narrowly observ-

ing her, and his scrutinizing glances seemed to read her very soul.

He paused for a few minutes, then said, "I was on my way to your chamber, when your cries quickened my steps; retire, Paoli, I cannot again permit the Lady Genevieve to remain alone, lest her fears should terrify her into frenzy."

The man instantly obeyed his master's mandate, whilst Genevieve in vain asserted she had no fears remaining, and begged to be left to her repose; but the Count, regardless of her intreaties, seated himself by her couch; and as he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, Genevieve with terror perceived that he was flushed with wine, whilst into his manner he threw all that insinuating softness he so well knew how to assume. Genevieve, though retired to repose, was

not entirely undressed, as, fearful of surprise, she constantly wrapt herself in a loose morning gown, and leaping from her bed, she again begged the Count to retire; but deaf to her solicitations, he caught her in his arms, and insisted upon her again hearing him declare his love; but his looks were so impassioned, and his gestures so vehement, that Genevieve in vain endeavoured to preserve her tranquillity; and she trembled with alarm, as he proceeded to take liberties at which her delicacy recoiled; but her reluctance and aversion were alike unheeded by the Count, and Genevieve, convinced that he intended every outrage he had threatened, uttered the most piercing cries for help, but the Count still held her firmly locked in his arms, and she began to despair of aid, when a violent blow struck her assailant to the

ground, and Genevieve would have fallen with him, had she not been caught by the nervous arm of Roberto—who for an instant gazed upon the prostrate Count, then said, “ he is past harming you at present lady—if you wish to escape from his power follow me.”

The handkerchief which had confined the hair of Genevieve had fallen off in the struggle, and her luxuriant tresses fell in wild disorder over her shoulders; but Roberto, snatching up her veil, threw it over her, and taking her hand, led her to a recess, in which was placed a painting still glowing with sufficient colouring to show that it had once been a very fine representation of the judgment of Paris. He touched the apple, which acted as a spring, and the painting receding, they passed through the opening and found themselves in a long gallery,

decorated with the mutilated marble statues of heathen deities; they passed on as rapidly as the fragments of statues and ornaments would permit, and Genevieve observed, that on every side the devastation of this noble pile of building appeared to have been as much occasioned by violence, as the crumbling hand of time. At the extremity of the gallery they ascended a very broad flight of steps, that led to a spacious apartment, which passing through another flight, brought them into a hall of such vast dimensions, and so lofty a roof, as to strike the intruder with awe and wonder. It was floored with marble in mosaic work, and two rows of gigantic marble pillars ran at equal distances, the whole length of the hall, into which several immense folding doors opened, and at the other extremity a broad flight of marble steps, similar to those

they had just descended, appeared to lead from the edifice. Genevieve clung trembling to the arm of Roberto for support, as they began to cross the hall, whose vaulted roof echoed to their hasty steps.

Roberto had brought from the prison of Genevieve the lamp, to assist them in their progress, and raising it above his head to penetrate the surrounding gloom, without dazzling his eyes, he proceeded in silence, and they had reached the centre of the hall, when a pair of folding-doors upon one side of them, was suddenly thrown open, and two female attendants, bearing wax tapers came forth, followed by a youthful female, magnificently habited, and of a very commanding mien.

The interior of the apartment they issued from, was brilliantly illuminated, and threw a strong glare across

the hall, direct upon the figures of Roberto and Genevieve, who, paralyzed by the sudden appearance of the females, stood like statues. The white veil of Genevieve instantly attracted the attention of the mistress, and she hastily approached them; but Genevieve, shrieking, clung to the arm of Roberto, exclaiming—"Oh save me! save me! it is Janetta!"

Janetta, (for it was indeed her) with the rapidity of lightning drew a stiletto from her vest, and, rushing towards Genevieve, attempted to plunge it in her bosom; but missing her aim, it only slightly wounded her arm.

"Wretch! thou shalt not again escape me (she exclaimed) and would have repeated the blow; but Roberto seized her hand, and Genevieve, with the swiftness of a fawn, flew from the spot through the hall and gallery she

had before passed, and had traversed a long range of ruins before the increasing difficulties of her path compelled her to stop; yet she still continued to force her way over the crumbling ruins, sometimes in total darkness, at others lit by the bright beams of the moon, that shone through the dilapidated windows, or broken apertures.

It was not long before she heard several voices, as if in pursuit of her; but determining to die rather than again fall into the power of the Count, she crept upon her hands and knees into a ruined recess, where she lay concealed, and heard her pursuers pass, and again return from their unsuccessful search. It was broad day when she ventured to quit her concealment, and she proceeded cautiously, and with a slow pace, for the wound in her arm had bled profusely, though she had en-

deavoured to staunch it with her veil ; a faint sickness at intervals came over her, and made her almost incapable of proceeding.

She had now extricated herself from the ruins, and reached a long colonade, in fine preservation, which appeared to lead towards the shore ; but she was now liable to be seen by those, who were doubtless still in quest of her, and she walked trembling on, expecting to see the dreaded Count, or still more dreaded Janetta, start from the concealment of every pillar she came to, but no object of alarm met her eye, till turning an angle, she saw almost close to her, two men, who instantly perceived her, and hastily approached ; she had not sufficient strength to fly, but she attempted it, and tottering a few paces, she fell senseless to the earth.

In a few minutes she revived, and found herself (not in the power either of the Count or Janetta) but supported in the arms of the Duca de Sebastino, whilst the other stranger, his attendant, was occupied in tying a handkerchief over her wound. Unable to speak, she pressed the hand of the Duca to her feverish forehead, with silent rapture, and bathed it with her tears.

“Compose yourself, dearest Lady Genevieve, (he exclaimed) you see in me a friend, deputed by your grandmother to endeavour to obtain your release. I have a vessel at the foot of the rocks waiting to bear you hence; can you find sufficient strength to accompany us to the shore, or shall we seek for some place of rest till you are recovered, where myself and my attendant will

defend you from insult at the risk of our lives?"

"Oh no, no! (replied Genevieve,) I am quite recovered, let us quit this horrible place — indeed I am quite strong enough to proceed."

Accept, then, my assistance, and that of my servant, and in a few minutes we shall be safe from pursuit."

Genevieve, without any hesitation, passed her hands through the arms of the Duca and his servant, and thus supported, soon reached the foot of the promontory, where several of the Duca's attendants, well armed, were concealed with a small boat behind a cleft of the rock, but at a signal from the Duca, they instantly appeared; he lifted Genevieve into the little bark, and it swiftly rowed away to a vessel at a short distance, where, as soon as they arrived on board, Ge-

Genevieve was conveyed to the cabin, her wounded arm dressed, and a composing cordial given her; she was left to repose, the Duca refusing to answer any of her various questions till after she had recruited her exhausted frame by rest.

When Genevieve was torn from her grandmother, the Countess was detained some hours before the master of the bark she was in, would consent to return with her to Leghorn; where upon her landing, she learned that the Duca de Sabastino was just arrived. Relying upon her knowledge of the generosity of his temper, she immediately sent to him; he obeyed her mandate with promptness, and she candidly related to him the whole history of Genevieve's enthrallment with the bandit, and her recent loss.

The Duca listened to the recital

with attention, and suspecting that the master of the bark they had sailed in, had been bribed to permit his passenger to be taken from him, he found out the man, and by the offer of a larger bribe to him, discovered, that a gentleman (whom by description he instantly recognized as the Count) had given him a large sum of money to permit his vessel to be boarded, that he might rescue his wife, as he said, from her relations, by whom she was detained from him against her inclination. The explanation of the Countess had shewn them the falsity of this assertion, but the bribe they had taken, and the promptitude of the Count's movements, prevented their interfering; but they now informed the Duca of the direction the vessel had taken, which bore her away, and the Duca, dreading the fate of the interesting Genevieve,

should she remain in the possession of so licentious a man as the Count, hired a vessel to follow her, and sending the Countess word to remain at Leghorn till his return, he successfully followed the track of the Count, and rescued his victim at the moment of extreme peril.

Fatigue, and the potion Genevieve had drank, soon steeped her senses in forgetfulness, and when she awoke, she found herself so much recovered that she rose, and arranging her dress as well as circumstances would permit, she sent for the Duca, from whom she received a brief recital of the past ; and as he was now acquainted with the peculiar delicacy of her situation, he no longer felt pained by her former reserve, but a feeling of pleasure stole over his mind as he reflected that duty, not aversion, had been the cause of it, and unlike the Count, he

respected her motives, and treated her during their little voyage with the tender respect of a brother. Conversing upon the subject of the place of her confinement, the Duca informed her that it was on the little island of Capria, at the entrance of the Gulph of Naples ; and the ruins, the remains of a palace built by the Emperor Adrian, but which had been so disgraced by the obscene pleasures to which it was dedicated, that popular fury had levelled great part of it with the dust, and its remains were now abandoned by the inhabitants of the island, except by a few fishermen, who occasionally resorted thither, and from whose information the Count had doubtless learned the places of concealment the ruins contained, so admirably adapted to a scheme of violence, such as he had planned, but

which an all wise Providence had overruled.

The cause of the appearance of Roberto among the ruins so providentially to her assistance, Genevieve could not comprehend; had he deserted the fortunes of Jaques to follow that of his sister? If so, why did he endeavour to counteract her schemes; but she recollected that Ferdinand had saved Roberto's life, and she doubted not but gratitude for that had moved Roberto to run some risk to save the honour of the woman Ferdinand loved; and her heart warmed with transport, as she reflected, that Ferdinand, though absent, had in fact been her preserver.

Upon their arrival at Leghorn, Genevieve flew to the embrace of her grandmother, who strained her to her heart with rapture, and over-

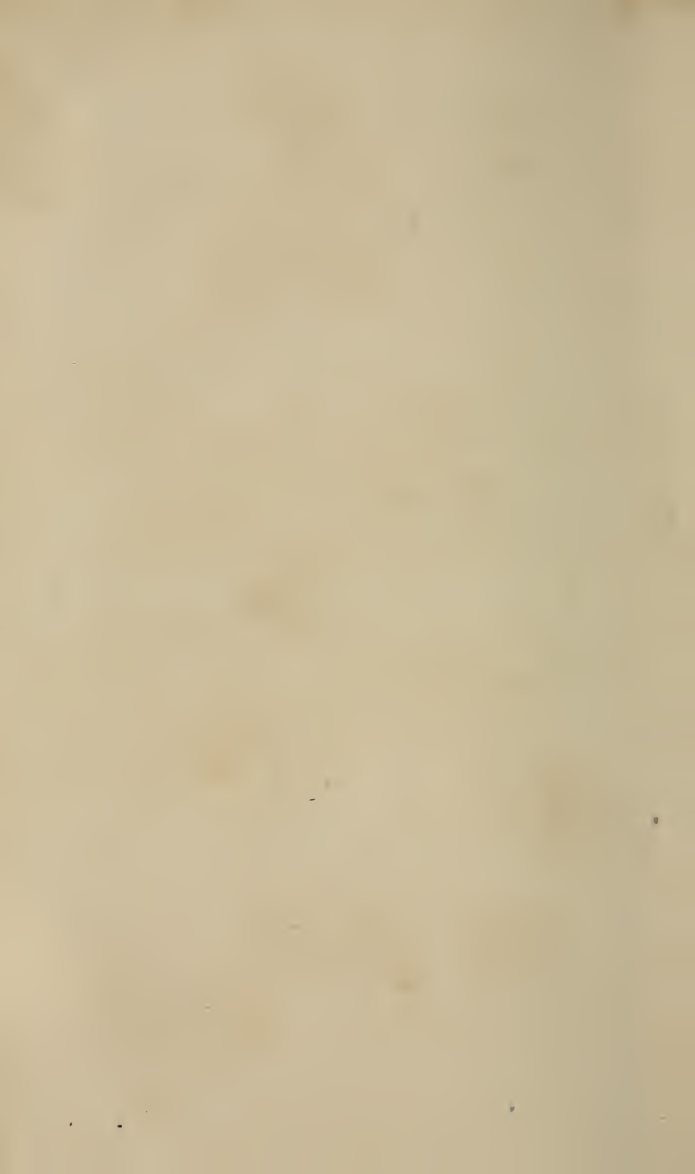
whelmed the Duca with thanks, and acknowledgements for his almost unhoped success. The Duca shared her pleasure, and the mild glance of friendship and gratitude that beamed upon him from the soft blue eyes of Genevieve gave him more transport than all the blandishments of a wanton could have bestowed. Upon a review of the hints thrown out by the Count, it was the opinion both of the Countess and the Duca that some imposition had been practised in the celebration of the marriage in the bandit's caverns, and the Countess resolved to return immediately to the chateau, and offer the bandit one half of her wealth for an elucidation of the mystery; for she felt that any certainty would be preferable to the suspense, which was now daily and hourly undermining the health of Genevieve. In consequence of this resolution she

again hired a felucca, to carry them to Genoa. The Duca had not yet completed his tour of Italy, but he promised to visit them at the chateau D'Humeires before his return to Spain. He saw them safely on board their vessel, and with feelings of regret and admiration, Genevieve bade adieu to this amiable man. A favourable gale wafted them swiftly from the shore on which he stood, and she remained upon deck gazing upon his majestic form until it was lost in the distance.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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